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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 4, 1939

THE FIRST GERMAN PLANE TO FALL ON BRITISH SOIL

The Big German Bomber Which Crashed on the Lammermuir Hills

Scotland again came into the war zone last week-end and in dramatic fashion when a big German bomber swooped down from the clouds and began "hedge-hopping" over the East Lothian hills in a vain attempt to evade the pursuit of British fighter planes pouring machine-gun bullets into its tail. The Nazi plane crashed but the pilot still attempted to control his machine, taxi-ing through the heather in an effort to rise again, but he failed. His machine tore through a wall and eventually struck the rising side of a hill. Two of the Nazi crew were killed and one wounded. The pilot was unhurt. Further details and pictures are given on page 137

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THE KING SEES HOW GIANT GUNS ARE MADE

A few days ago the King visited a Royal Ordnance factory, and during a long tour of inspection saw many wonderful sights illustrative of this country's great war-time effort. Less than three years ago a derelict workshop, to-day this spot is the site of a vast model gun factory, turning out great numbers of anti-aircraft and anti-tank guns. In its equipment this arms factory is second to none in the world to-day. Here His Majesty is seen during his inspection watching some of the women workers in the factory sorting ammunition

A War News

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, November 1, 1939.

RIBBEN-DE-TROP.—Ribbentrop supplied for his Führer the mixture as before at Danzig. He is qualified for, and inured by practice to, doing all kinds of dirty work. He convinced the German people, the neutrals and "subversive elements" among the Allies—to his own satisfaction, we must believe—that for years and years Mr. Chamberlain (as Chancellor of the Exchequer and what not) has been living and planning for that great day when he could lay his blood-stained hands on Germany's throat and choke the life out of her. Thinly disguised in the cloak of peace (the disguise was good enough to persuade Ribbentrop to persuade Hitler that Britain would never fight) this murderous man has for years organised his network of provocations and plots, and time and again refused to accept the hand of friendship and the pledged word of the Führer. He did not even understand Hitler's last historic and utterly generous peace offer. It would have spoilt his life's aim to have understood it. And now he has got his way and he has thrown into the shambles for his vile ends the whole French nation and every component of the so-called British Empire wherein the British flag "waves against the will of the peoples," who are indeed, practically speaking, slaves to this one tyrant—Chamberlain. He is worse than Churchill. His umbrella was a mere disguise. It hid a two-edged sword, with serrated edges at that. And all this time Nazi Germany has worked ceaselessly and selflessly for peace. Very well. Now, he shall see . . . Well, very well, if this be the end of the cacophonous crowing. For indeed our ears will endure better the dinning of gunfire, to which at least we can reply in kind. We have heard so often that *now* the war would start in earnest, and we may look perhaps at last to an offensive not quite so offensive as this barrage of muck.

THE HENDERSON WHITE PAPER.—"Germany No. 1," Sir Nevile Henderson's final report, will certainly be closely studied by every serious historian of Europe and Britain in the future. It sets out clearly the sequence of events which led to the second world war, and there is really no dispute or doubt remaining anywhere but in Germany as to the conclusions drawn from them. I will make two comments on the paper, one trivial and one tremendously important. Sir Nevile writes very clearly, but his style is, for an historic document, a curious mixture of the traditional language of diplomacy with current journalese. I do not myself accept "visualise" for "see," "functioning" for "working," "sensing" for "seeing" or "feeling" or "being aware of" as other than base-coin of language. And I add "brainstorm" to the list. But that is small beer. What is tremendous is indeed nothing new. It is the crushing confirmation of what we know:—That the destinies of Germany, of Europe, of the whole world, lay so long in the hollow of one man's coarse hand. If he got up for breakfast in a good mood, there might be peace. If he were irritable or liverish, there would be world war. Hitler meant to crush Poland if he could, but it was his hurt vanity, due to a single sentence, which turned the scale while he was wobbling. What a hideous light on our vaunted civilisation, its wisdom or cleverness and enlightenment! One man, uneducated, untravelled, narrow, vain, bringing the costly edifice called civilisation down at a whim. "All we, like sheep. . . ."

A DANGEROUS GAME.—I think still, as I have thought since the war began, that our own statesmen and press and the press in Allied countries and in friendly neutral states can do no better service to our great cause than by refraining from premature chuckles over the failure of German diplomacy. Never is this more dangerous and premature than in the relations between Germany and Russia. It is absurd to pretend we know the mind of Stalin or of Russia, and even absurd to suppose that Mr. Eden knows it. It is always foolish to holloa before you are out of the wood. We are not yet out of the wood. We do not know what Russia designs nor what she hopes to derive of advantage to herself from the struggle between Democracy and Nazism. I was appalled by the confident reports in French and American journals that Russia had snubbed Germany by refusing to lend her aeroplanes and by refusing not to trade with Britain. And I thought Mr. Eden far too confident in a broadcast about the certainty that Russia had checkmated German aspirations. We have no good grounds for knowing either that Germany asked for aeroplanes or invited Russia to cease to trade with Britain. And to assert that Russia is definitely pledged to strict neutrality, or turning further away from Germany, is to suggest something which may bring acute disappointment to the Allied cause to-morrow. It is the greatest mistake we can make to "interpret" Russian policy with confidence. It is a provocation and an invitation to Russia to set the fool's cap on such prophecy. Russia is to-day the joker in the game of poker and can turn a "bust" straight into a strong hand at any moment. Indeed, I think that of all the foolish and impertinent and dangerous features of this paper war, the most imbecile is this holloa-ing on insufficient grounds of knowledge or even hope, and this habit of "interpreting" the policy of a country whose policy must vary from day to day. Nazi diplomacy has been proved clumsy again and again. We believe Ribbentrop has been a diplomatic disaster, but that is not to say that Germany has no diplomatic shots and shocks left in her locker. We are still in the wood and it is our job to get on with the war and not to waste breath with holloa-ing and loose talk. And those who wish us well should refrain from holloa-ing too. The side which talks most gives most away, the side which talks most has the worst case. Our Ministers "come to the microphone" every week and give us the impression that they believe our spirits are so low that we must be boosted up to endure by premature expressions of confidence. We do not need these boosts. We are not children, nor faint-hearts. We know what are *facts* and we are facing them.

THE SEWER RATS.—Little Goebbels goes working away like a rat in a sewer. The Germans are said not to like him, but when once I said something disrespectful about him and his

MOTHER COMES DOWN TO VISIT THE CHILDREN

An "evacuation mail coach" service has been started by mothers and fathers in Peckham, S.E., to take clothing, toys, books and gardening tools to their children staying in Sussex villages. Two services of coaches left London last week-end, crowded with parents taking with them parcels for their children. In the above picture one of the mothers, loaded with gifts, receives a rapturous welcome from her daughter on arrival in Sussex

LETTER—No. IX

methods, an Englishwoman wrote rather angrily to tell me I didn't know what I was talking about and that the doctor was perfectly charming in the home. No doubt it may be so. He is perhaps a ray of sunshine in the nursery. He has great experience of mixing the baby's bottle, and all his active life has had an appeal for the very young and unformed mind. He is a great hand at grim fairy tales and two of his own invention—based on Polish mythology and on old British naval traditions—still have a great appeal in kindergartens and mental institutions in the Reich and in some neutral countries, and give a great deal of pleasure to laughter-loving Americans. If to grown-up people his art is sad stuff and the clumsiness and puerility of his methods seem to set the seal on his futility as a propagandist and on the barbarism of the nation for whom he works, still little Goebbels goes on working away, smelling round for garbage, like a rat in a sewer. And there he will remain until the Pied Piper takes out his pipe again in Germany. Meanwhile he contributes handsomely to the inevitable boredom and beastliness of war. The fact that we continue to prick his poison gas-bag suggests that we have a very low opinion of the intelligence of neutral countries. It was thought proper both by Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax "categorically to deny" even Ribbentrop's hogwash. How much more effective if they had treated him as the bad smell which he is.

CELEBRATING THE ANGLO - TURKISH PACT IN ANGORA

The signing of the Anglo-French Treaty with Turkey was celebrated with considerably more cordiality than is usually associated with such international developments. In this picture the various personalities are seen toasting the Pact in champagne. From left to right are—M. Massigli, French Ambassador; M. Saydam, Turkish Prime Minister; Sir H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, British Ambassador; Marshal Chakmak; and General Assim Gunday

GERMANY, ALWAYS GERMANY.—"We are not fighting a war of aggression against the German people. Their leaders have persuaded them that they are fighting a war of self-defence against a league of rival nations bent on the destruction of Germany. That is not so. The destruction of Germany or the German people has never been a war aim with us from the first day of this war to this hour. Most reluctantly, indeed quite unprepared for the dreadful ordeal, we were forced to join in this war in self-defence, in defence of the violated public law of Europe and in vindication of the most solemn treaty obligations on which the public system of Europe rested and on which Germany has ruthlessly trampled. We had to join in the struggle or stand aside and see Europe go under and brute force triumph over public right and international justice." Those words would, you will agree, describe our war aims and our reasons for entering this war very well. How many times have they been repeated practically word for word in the past eight weeks? Yet they are a quotation from the speech made on January 5, 1918, by Mr. Lloyd George! Germany—the same yesterday, to-day . . . and to-morrow? Yes, says Germany. And what followed? Versailles. Yes, Mr. Lloyd George might reply, and to what state of fury and loathing had you brought the Allies by the end of 1918? We are not fighting the German people, but the German people may suffer again for the ruthlessness of their leaders, if they do not recognise that ruthlessness, and its dangers to themselves, before many more months have passed. It was the spirit of 1919 that made the Versailles Treaty. God send that spirit be not revived again when this war ends.

THE NEW MOVABLE BUS STOP ARRIVES

In an attempt to solve the queue problem at rush hours, this new movable bus stop sign has now appeared in London. By the employment of this sign it is hoped that the "thruster" may be eliminated at busy stopping places—such as this one in Tottenham Court Road

AN UNPLEASANT JOB.—No doubt it was inevitable that the Government would have sooner or later to handle in Parliament the *fait accompli* of the Russian invasion of Poland. I fancy Lord Halifax cannot have enjoyed doing it. But his carefully-chosen words were much less a defence than an apologia. He based it on two excuses: Russia would not have done it if Germany hadn't started it; and, after all, they have only advanced to the boundary recommended by Lord Curzon at Versailles. Fortunately (or unfortunately) a private individual in a civilised state may not justify the appropriation of, say, church property on the ground that other church robbers had been there before him and that, anyway, the property had been in his family before the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. Lord Halifax would be the first to uphold that opinion as a principle of English law applicable to the individual. There are many unpleasant jobs which fall to be done in war by Ministers and by humble privates.

BUREAUCRACY RUNNING MAD.—The public feels every confidence—more perhaps than ever before in any war—in its Premier and in its fighting departments. But with the bureaucracy which controls the Home Front we are not so satisfied. Every day brings fresh evidence that it is a bureaucracy gone mad, swollen headed and swollen staffed. Nor do we accept the plea of justification that these staffs work very long hours. The point is, what non-essential work keeps them busy; how much does their strangle-hold control over individual liberty destroy or undermine the will-to-victory of a great democratic nation, famous for its individual initiative? The Ministry of Information and much of its works came as a sickening set-back to our belief in the Government. Its swollen staff and redundant activities have horrified the most loyal. It was conceived by an ill-qualified minister for the most dangerous and undesirable of all war efforts, mass-propaganda; not for selected propaganda and proved fact. The jealous centralisation and the elaboration of control and organisation of many mushroom and old departments suggest bureaucracy gone mad. While ministers still talk of "trusting the people," ministries, with some very weak men at the head, continue to fetter individual initiative, to throw scorn on individual patriotism, to reject individual experience and to dissipate the spiritual resources of a vigorous and calm and efficient nation. We are at home over-controlled, over-organised, over-governed, and we are coming to the view that from the Chancellor downwards through the Treasury, the idea that "money is no object" is once more (as in 1918–19), the guiding principle of bureaucracy. Bureaucracy has tried its strangling fingers on the necks of the fishing industry; it is still gripping the milk industry; it tried to "straighten out" the intricate business of the port of Southampton. Having got the fishing business and the port of Southampton into a thorough muddle, it handed those matters back to those whose life's work and experience qualified them to deal with them, and gradually no doubt it will hand back other organisations to be straightened out by the proper authorities. There is indeed every justification for public anxiety about the interference of bureaucracy. But there is a great deal to be said on the other side, too. A.R.P. is the most criticised of all Government activities at home. Let us remember that war is always a complete uncertainty. No one can forecast how a war will develop. Appalling sums of money, an infinity of so far wasted energy and squandered goodwill, have been poured out on making Little Puddlecombe safe, but it wouldn't have done not to take those precautions. Little Puddlecombe might have suffered, and still may suffer among the first. War is always wasteful, always a fog, and we can only ask of our Government not to kill individual initiative while they prate of its glories, and to use for war service those peace-time organisations which better understand than do civil servants the working of elaborate undertakings in peace or war. Wild criticism on the home front is doubtless unpatriotic. But would any reform in the Ministry of Information (for instance) have yet been made if the public had not cried out? We know it would not.

LAST WEEK'S "BEST."—"I hear from a reliable diplomatic source" that Hitler's latest stroke of diplomacy is to down tools on the French front and intensify action against Britain while offering separate peace terms to France. Then, having made peace with France, to attack *her* while offering separate peace terms to Britain. This seems probable! It accords with our knowledge of Hitler's character, as swayed by Ribbentrop, and is a not unlikely wriggle by the now almost penitent thief. At any rate, one can get a laugh or two from the inspired information supplied by our sleuths abroad, even if it be out of date before the ink is dry.

THE CAMPDEN RIOTS.—The Chipping Campden stop-the-war riots proved less serious than had been feared. This big manufacturing city, with a population running well into four figures, did indeed come together but not with the object of stopping the war but of getting on with the war. There was a big meeting in the village hall to settle the arrangements for a grand white elephant sale in aid of war charities. It is not *true* that two army corps were moved up to disarm the rioters, nor that the Lord Mayor of Campden was stunned by stones when reading the Riot Act from the steps of the City Hall. It *is* true that the ring-leader was arrested and birched by his mother who confiscated his catapult and sent him early to bed, but the damage done was exaggerated. The window in the scout hut was *not* broken, but merely "starred." They got it wrong in Moscow. All is now normal again in the city of Chipping Campden and trams are running and tubes maintaining rush-hour services. THE OLD STAGER

PRISONERS OF WAR ARRIVE IN ENGLAND

FROM THE SEA

A few days ago this tug drew alongside and on her deck was a group of U-boat prisoners. They were all bearded, moustached and were wearing jerseys, and had the general air of merchant seamen. A naval guard was standing by. Some smiled back at the ordeal of being photographed as the tug drew close to land

FROM THE AIR

Prisoners of war are gradually coming to this country, some from the sea and others from the air, as shown in the above picture, which was taken when these German airmen arrived in London. The aviator on the right was wearing a star and winged badge on his right breast. Their belongings were brought along with them. *On right*—A soldier stands on guard while German prisoners take exercise behind barbed wire "Somewhere in Great Britain"

THE BULLET-SPATTERED WINGS AND FUSELAGE OF THE CRASHED GERMAN BOMBER, AS SHE LAY NEAR THE LOWLAND VILLAGE OF HUMBIE

After the crash about a hundred inhabitants of Humbie swarmed out over the heather to examine the fallen bomber. Six German crosses and two swastika signs on the tail were visible, but no identification number. Her back was broken and her twin engines out of action

R.A.F. OFFICERS AND MEN EXAMINING THE DAMAGED COCKPIT OF THE FALLEN GERMAN BOMBER

The forward end of the cockpit was broken off, revealing the controls. The transparent material (not glass) was broken off, but had not splintered. Ammunition lay on the ground

THE TAIL GIVES A GOOD IDEA OF THE SIZE OF THE GERMAN PLANE

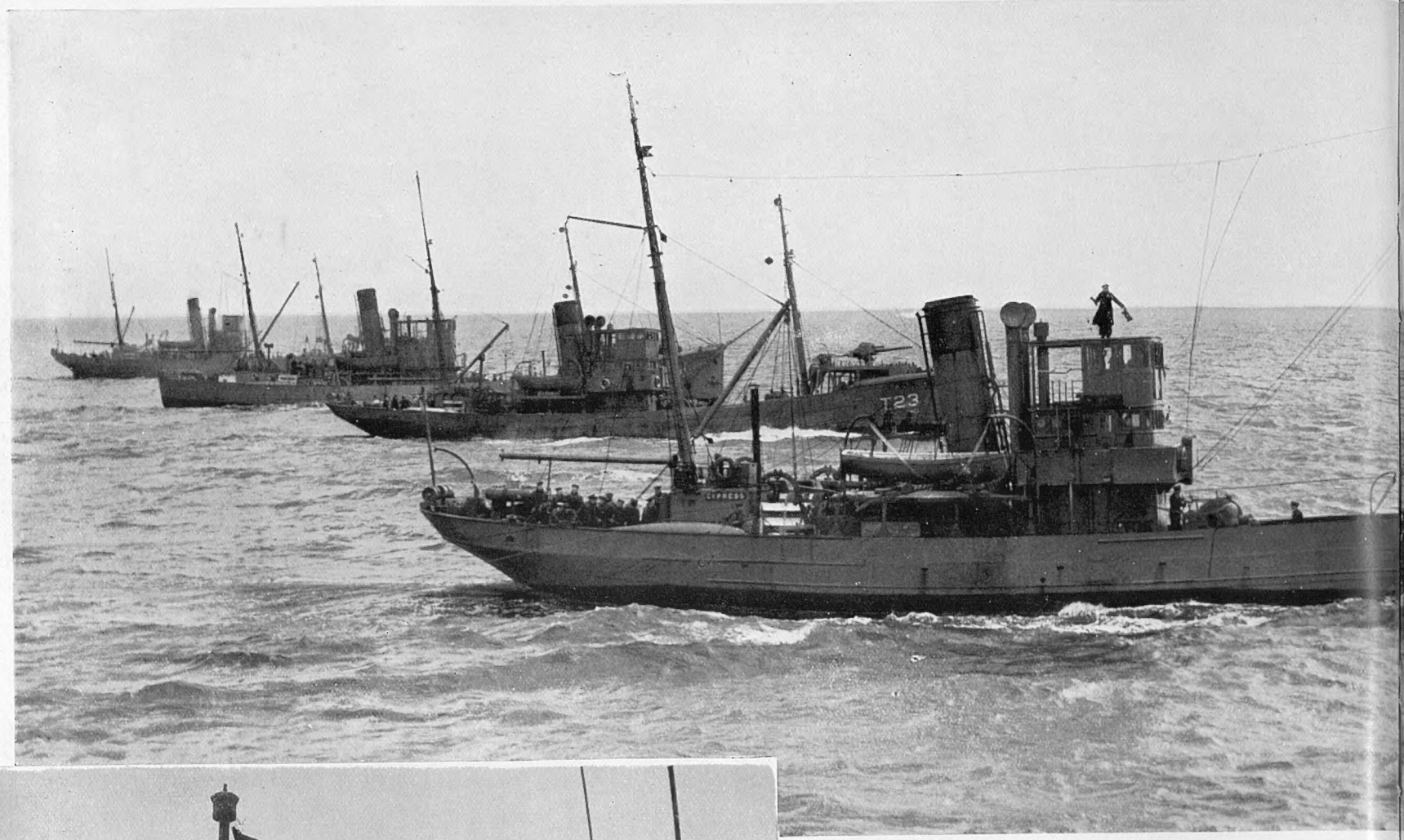
Like the rest of the fuselage, the tail was punctured with bullet-holes. See the horizontal plane beneath the rudder-fins

A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF THE AMMUNITION FROM THE GERMAN BOMBER

When the big plane crashed, certain parts were flung out on the heather by the force of the impact. Here is a close-up view of the rolls of ammunition in position on a sliding bar

A GERMAN BOMBER CRASHES ON A SCOTTISH HILLSIDE

On Saturday morning of last week, fighting machines of the Auxiliary Air Force scored another success when they forced down a big German bomber on to the Lammermuir Hills. A stream of bullets had spattered every part of the bomber, including the metal propellers. The first burst of fire crippled the machine and as she dropped it was evident that the port engine was out of action and that the pilot was attempting to land. Seeing this, the British fighting planes ceased firing and returned to their stations. The bomber, which made a successful pancake landing, appeared to be quite new, with a number of novel devices for the comfort of the crew, but the dry biscuits and two small tins of meat did not move the admiration of the R.A.F.



A MINESWEEPING FLOTILLA LINING UP FOR WORK

WATCHING THE SEA FROM THE STERN OF A MINESWEEPER

The flotilla is in line ahead and proceeding at a steady pace through the dark sea, with the wires stretched out, comes the next process of entangling the mine, and a delicate task it is. *On right*—A marker float with flag being lowered

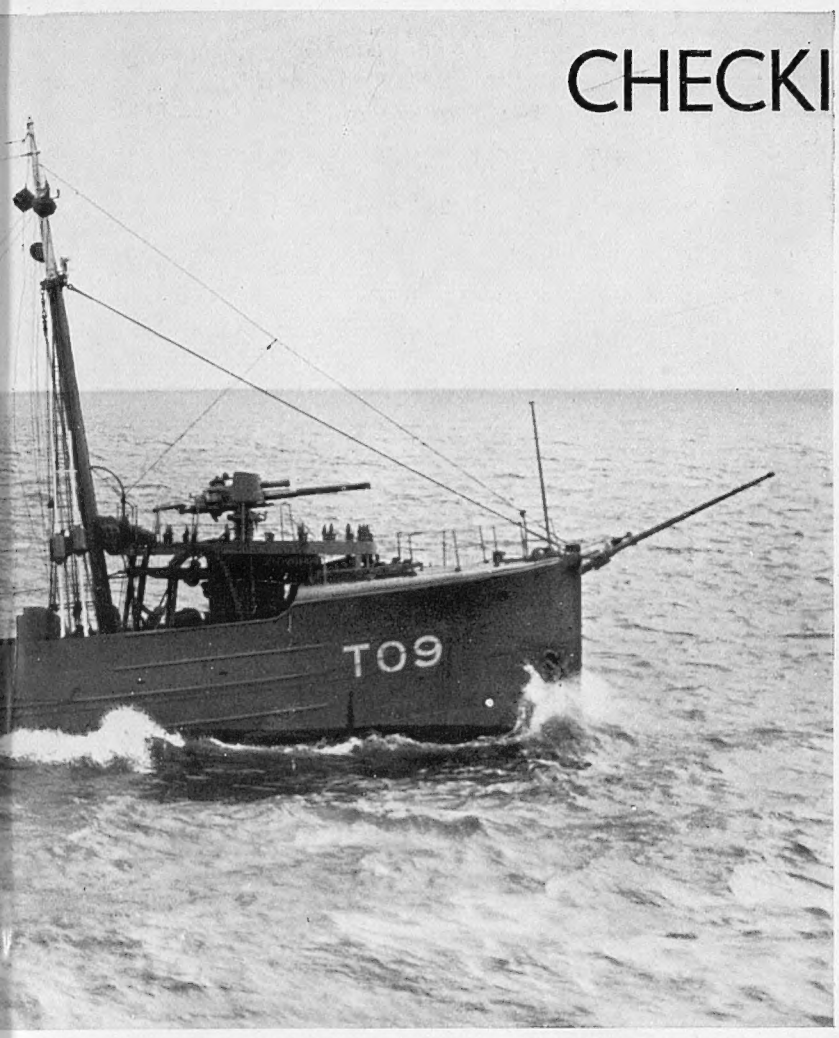
On right—**THE BOW OF A NAVAL MINESWEEPER WITH ITS GUN AND SPRIT**

The guns crew on the right are assembled on the circular table and going through a practice. Forward is the special sprit with which this flotilla is provided

The work of the naval minesweepers is one of the most necessary of all the less spectacular sides of naval warfare. Minesweeping is only one part of the whole business of laying and counter laying; areas may be laid by ourselves in front of enemy harbours and river mouths and some of these may drift. It is essential through all the recognised mined areas and the doubtful areas that lanes for traffic should be daily swept clean. Here in this special set of pictures the reader can see the naval sweepers at work. Supplementing these specially constructed vessels, there are fleets of deep-sea trawlers which were taken over within a few days of the outbreak of hostilities. Many more are being fitted out for patrol and minesweeping. The approaches to naval and commercial harbours are also continually explored for mines. The vessels engaged in minesweeping are manned for the most part by fishermen from practically every fishing port in Great Britain

CHECKING THE MINE MENACE

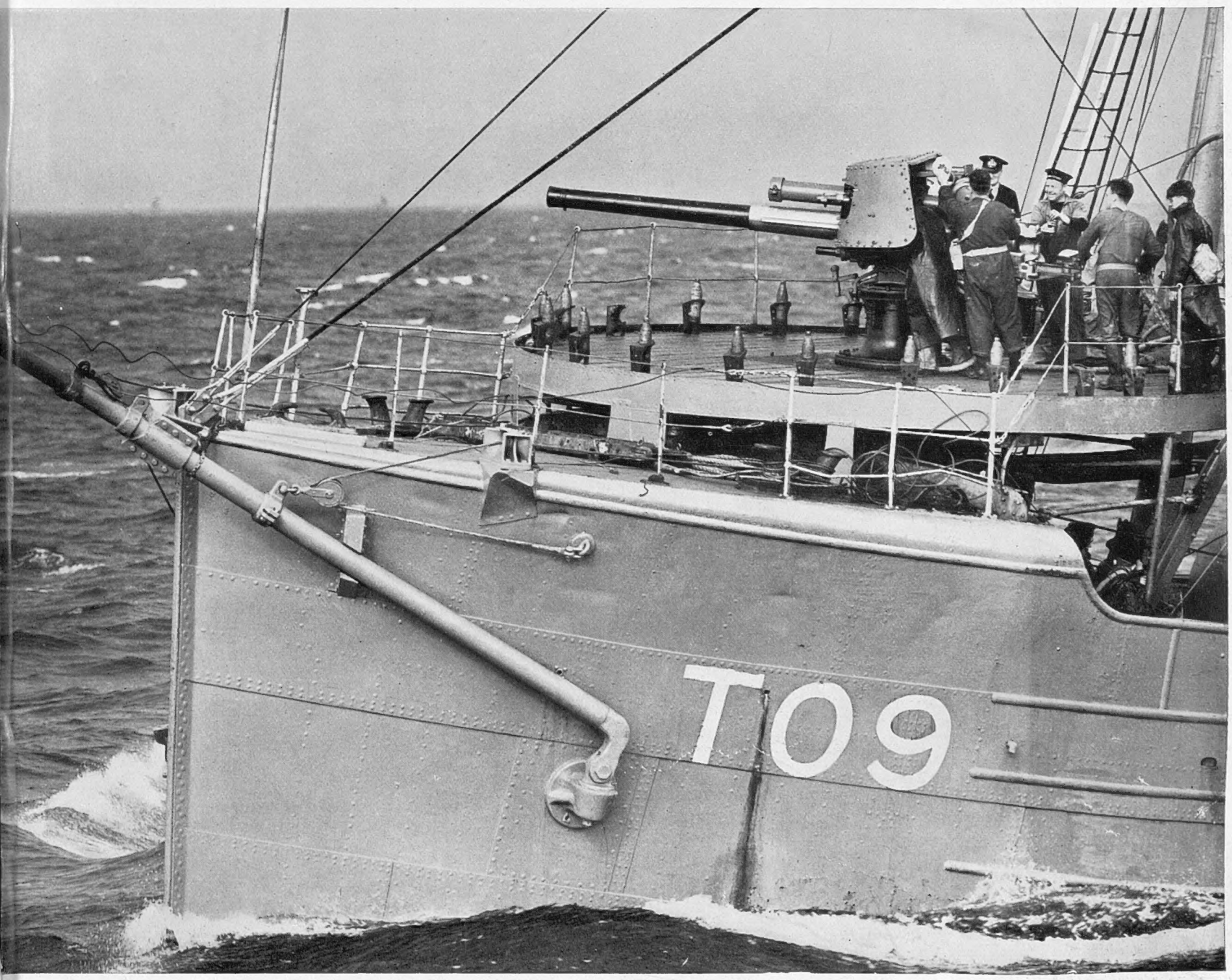
Out With the Armed Mine-sweeping Flotilla On Their Day-to-day Work of Clearing the Approaches to Britain's Shores



Four of the specially built sweepers are seen lining up for their morning's work. Each has a projecting sprit at the ship's stern post and also forward on the forecastle is the gun on its circular table. One of the crew is semaphoring from the roof of the bridge house of *T09* to the rest of the flotilla

AN ORAPESA FLOAT PULLED IN UNDER THE STERN

Jauntily carrying its flag, the float can be seen close under the stern. The "kite," another essential part of the sweeping apparatus, is being lowered from the side of the sweeper



LET ME PUT MYSELF IN HITLER'S PLACE

Some of the Problems Which the German High Command Must Face. (The Strategy of the War—VI)

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

THE events, as I write, are taking an interesting turn, and look as if they must lead shortly to some definite line of action. On the Western Front we can safely say that nothing of importance has happened. Reports that the Germans have made some raid, in which wave after wave was employed, may sound frightening, but when one hears that the total force used was only one company, it is not sufficient to keep us awake. The truth is that the Allied forces are now established in the best possible position, with certain advanced posts which the Germans don't like, and just await Hitler's boast to Sir Nevile Henderson that, after knocking out Poland, he would launch 160 divisions against the Allies.

If only he would. I knew the mud of Flanders pretty well. I can picture it now in the valley of the Saar. We are into November now. I speak feelingly as I was Chief of Staff to Lord Plumer in the Passchendaele fighting. Several times a day I used to ring up the meteorological officer at General Headquarters and ask him his forecast of the weather. I can never forget his universal and depressing reply, "I am sorry to tell you that another depression is approaching." Hitler is getting these reports now. Not even his 7,000 water diviners can remove that water and mud. I always thought that the principal job of a water diviner was to find water rather than to remove it.

I can think of no more certain way in which the war can be shortened than by an attack at this moment by the Germans on the Maginot Line. Hitler may be desperate enough to order it but his generals will not be in sympathy with him. They know too much of war. In my opinion the terrible losses entailed would not only shake the spirit of the German army but of the whole German nation.

Picture the situation to-night. The Allies quiet and confident, and behind an almost impregnable position, well fed, well protected, with a calm feeling of security, and opposite them vast hordes of German soldiers in the muddiest of situations, exposed to the worst of conditions, waiting to be launched at any moment on an impossible task which can only mean death and destruction. I cannot believe that Hitler in all his self-glory will order such an attack. If not, what can he do? If he tries to go round and violate every neutrality, his difficulties will be equally great.

In my opinion, winter and mud have got him by the heels and he is, therefore, forced into seeing what he can do to us by sea and air. In the former, though he has had two major successes, on balance he is losing every day both in U-boats and in the loss of tonnage. We are well up on that and shall be more so before long. In the air his raids do not seem to be as successful as he anticipated. The Spitfire and other machines appear to be more than he bargained for, and our pilots also. It is, I fear, inevitable that the losses on both sides will be heavy, but the replacement both in machines and in gallant pilots will most assuredly be on our side.

I never write this article without putting myself in Hitler's chair. As a matter of fact I have actually sat in Hitler's chair in both the pocket battleships *Deutschland* and *Von Scheer* when visiting Gibraltar. It was the seat of honour. What is he thinking to-night? He has had a really nasty blow over Turkey. He has got an awkward problem over the American ship the *City of Flint* and he will certainly not like the arms embargo being repealed. Having to pay cash is not his best suit at the moment.

How does he stand with Stalin? As a cricketer the situation interests me. The cricket season of this year was marked by what were described as certain "freak declarations," chiefly by young captains who tried to be a bit too clever and who generally lost by their tactics. The present situation looks to me as if Hitler, having inspected the pitch of Poland, decided to put Stalin in to bat, and having done so cannot get him out. Hitler has made use of all his bowling—even underhand; but Stalin goes on batting and making boundary hits to the Baltic which yield up naval and air bases.

On Tuesday last we were treated to Von Ribbentrop's epistle on the wickedness of the English. It reminds me of a young officer at Aldershot, some years ago, who, after a guest night, rang up everyone in the *London Directory* named Paul in the middle of the night and asked each one in turn, infuriated at being called to the telephone at 3 a.m., whether he had ever had a reply to the "piffle" which he wrote to the Ephesians? It only makes us realise the more what a difficult time Sir Nevile Henderson must have had in dealing with such a man. Anyhow it takes us a stage farther as it shows clearly that any effort to drive a wedge between us and France has gone by the board, and that Hitler has only two courses as regards land forces left: (1) To hurl his divisions into a vast attack, or (2) To sit tight on the Western Front. The last course certainly won't pay him. Time and production are on our side without a doubt, and he knows that, and it does not look as if the 2,000 aeroplanes which he would like from Russia are likely to be forthcoming.

A comparison of Germany in 1939 with Germany in 1914 is an interesting one, especially as regards ships, oil, wheat, gold, etc. They are certainly not encouraging figures with which to embark on a long war. It may be that Hitler when desperate, as he must be, cares little for these facts, and that his staffs cannot press them for fear of their own positions. It, therefore, looks as if he is getting nearer each day to the choice of the "Maginot" or nothing, and each day with mud and winter approaching that obstacle must look even larger.

How he would like to put the clock back to September, 1938. We were far from ready at that time. He missed his chance then. I was still Governor of Gibraltar at that time. Hitler at that moment had General Franco in his grip and also a number of his own airmen and aeroplanes in Spain which he would not have hesitated to use against Gibraltar and its harbour. The Italian troops and air forces were, also, in Spain at that time. The Mediterranean would have been a very different problem from what it is, fortunately, to-day.

I also like to think of the other waterway with which I was connected. The Dardanelles and Bosphorus are also peaceful. Certain scenes are implanted in everyone's memory. I know nothing to equal being on the bridge of the *Iron Duke* (the old ship recently hit by splinters) one early morning arriving round Seraglio Point and steaming up the Bosphorus. Constantinople after sunrise with St. Sophia Mosque in the foreground was just waking up and was a picture one can never forget. The Bosphorus with its Judas trees is unrivalled, and I love to picture the old *Iron Duke* anchored opposite our house at Therapia, close to the entrance of the Black Sea.

The *Iron Duke* was at that time the flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet, and carried the flag of that great sailor Admiral Sir John de Robeck, with the late Admiral Sir W. W. Fisher as his chief of staff. Two of the best friends I have ever had. I lived in the *Iron Duke* at Mudania for a week during the conference of the Allied generals with Ismet Pasha, now President of Turkey. At that time she carried the flag of Admiral Sir O. de B. Brock and the captain was Captain (now Admiral) Sir Dunbar Naismith, V.C., the man who, at any rate, equalled the gallantry of the German Commander who recently sank the *Royal Oak*. Naismith travelled the Marmora under water in his submarine, and got nearly to the far end of the Bosphorus and close to where the *Goeben* was hidden at Stenia.

From his bridge he showed me the relics of his work. There were several wrecks lying along the shore, on both sides of the Marmora. A truly gallant performance. My last memory of that part is from the bridge of S.S. *Arabic* in which my wife and I travelled home with the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards. We were the last to leave at the end of the Allied Occupation. We were escorted out of Constantinople by H.M.S. *Marlborough*, under Admiral Sir Hugh Watson, and at Cape Helles we passed into the open sea, under an archway of searchlights put into the sky by all the remaining ships of the British navy who followed us out.

It was a very moving scene and I remained on the bridge till I saw the last flicker of the Cape Helles Lighthouse. It was on that ship that I received a letter from Ismet Pasha, through Sir Nevile Henderson, saying "Good-bye," and wishing me good luck, and in which he said "All we want is to be friends of England." It was naturally very pleasing to me to hear Mr. Chamberlain's graceful tribute to the Turks in his statement last Thursday. I knew from the first that Ismet would not fail us.

Mr. Chamberlain's dealing with Von Ribbentrop's latest effort was a masterpiece. He gave him some really good knocks, but on the knowledge that you get nothing from a pig but a grunt, they will have little effect on Von Ribbentrop's skin, but there are people in other countries who will take notice. The world knows perfectly well why we are at war and on whom the responsibility rests. It is quite certain that Von Ribbentrop's false statements have done Hitler no good. One wonders if the advice that he is always reported to have given to Hitler, that Britain would never fight, has done him any good.

Hitler must have got a shock in the morning when he woke up and realised that his dreams of the Baltic ports and the Balkans and access to the Black Sea had all gone west, and that Turkey had quietly but firmly said "No." He is not getting much applause at the moment from America, Italy, Spain, or Japan, and even some of the neutral states which he thought were frightened of him seem likely to have the audacity to demand payment for anything they supply to Germany. The truth is that Hitler can only survive on successes. He cannot stand still without a success or at once he will start to slide back. He must, therefore, act—but where?

As I write, there are reports of German concentration of troops opposite Holland, Belgium and Switzerland, in fact along the whole 600 miles of frontier, and it seems clear that a big offensive is expected. It may be. The King of the Belgians, in his broadcast to America, has made the attitude of Belgium very clear. How well I remember the many occasions on which I accompanied Lord Plumer on visits to his gallant father at a little house by the sea only a few miles inside Belgian territory.

I also met his father soon after the Great War when I accompanied Lord French when he was sent to present a Military Cross to Ypres. Is Hitler going to break his word to Belgium? He may. If his chief object is to get at us by air, then Holland would undoubtedly be of more advantage to him.

He is faced with a very difficult problem and he has brought it all on his own head and deserves no sympathy. In this weather and mud only a man who is very desperate could order a frontal attack on the Maginot Line. Hitler may be that desperate man. We shall know by next week.

FROM THE SEAT OF WAR IN FRANCE

An observer officer on the look-out. The anti-aircraft gun and its crew—for which the officer is observing—are hidden in shrubbery near by. The constant observation of the enemy's effort is one of the features of the present operations at the front

THE QUEEN VISITS A WAR CLOTHING FACTORY

THE QUEEN CHATS WITH THE BRIDE-TO-BE

Miss Edith Nichols wore her bridal dress, and orange blossoms in her hair

HER MAJESTY INSPECTS A BATCH OF NEW ARMY CAPS

The Queen visited one of the busy army clothing factories last week and discovered that one of the workers was getting married to a worker at another war factory. When Her Majesty saw the decorations put up by the bride-to-be's fellow workers she insisted on chatting to the lucky bride and wishing her luck, as shown in the upper picture

CUTTING OUT A BATTLE DRESS

The various parts are cut by machinery in this fashion with a band saw, immensely speeding up the process of cutting out

THE SUPPLY OF WINTER GREAT-COATS IS GETTING UNDER WAY

A great effort is being made to get a big supply of greatcoats finished quickly so that no men may be caught by winter's grip without them

THE SILENT AND THE SECRET ARMY

"Les Angliches" Make Themselves Known to the Appreciative Citizens of France

THE "Young Bills" who have come to France in the wake of "Old Bill," who blazed the trail twenty-five years ago, came by an entirely different route. Having been privileged to see the arrival of "Bill" *père et fils* I feel myself to be something like the *raisonneur* of a Shakespearean play, ready and willing to comment, within the bounds of the censorship, but most certainly willing to commend the marvellous performance of those responsible, Navy, Army, and not the least by any means, civilians, who have made this outstanding performance possible.

As Mr. Hore-Belisha said in the House of Commons, the ports of debarkation of the B.E.F. were "switched." This means that men destined originally for ports comparatively close to the white cliffs of England came many miles before they landed in France. Those who made the shortest journeys were the squadrons of the R.A.F., who flew over in aligned formation, and made happy landings at aerodromes prepared in advance by ground staffs which began to arrive in France within a few hours of a state of war being declared between Great Britain and Germany.

The many divisions which have already landed in this country came safely to a variety of ports scattered along the rocky coastline of France. The Secretary of State for War announced that the transport of this vast force was carried out without the slightest hitch or the loss of a single man, but to this statement I can add that during the transport to France of the B.E.F., three services for civilians were being run to and from France, and one service to and from Belgium. While a vast Air Force was being flown to France, an air service between Paris and London for civilians was functioning; this service has now been doubled.

If French civilians in the parts of France which welcomed "Old Bill" were disappointed because they had no opportunity of welcoming "Young Bill," thousands of French citizens who never saw a single soldier of the Old Contemptible Army have had opportunities of welcoming the "Young Bills" who have come overseas for the first time. Look, please, at this little picture.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER

Types of the young men who now compose the British Expeditionary Force in France—a picture taken on the quayside shortly after their disembarkation at a French port. It will be interesting to those who fought in the last war to learn that, in our modern army, the infantry form only 20 per cent.—the other 80 per cent. consists of mechanised battalions, anti-aircraft personnel, etc.

British lorries stand in the streets where not so long back beautiful shining motor cars stood. There are plenty of men about; all in uniform, British uniform.

Peasants know heaps of things, not secrets but news about the British Army which I am sure both the French and British censors will allow me to tell. It is told in many villages that the British army *shaves every day*; it is related that *les angliches* eat *confiture* for their little breakfast, while big young men have been heard asking for some strange thing which sounds like doux euffs, but which meant nothing less than two eggs. The peasants who had stopped work in the fields when the British Army went marching by, straightening their old rheumaticky backs for a few minutes, looked with astonished approval at the big lumbering tanks, the rattling motorised batteries of guns, the huge lorries, and the young men in what we call battle dress but which is more than passing strange to these men who, most of them, have never travelled 100 miles in their old lives.

What impressions has "Young Bill" got of France? Ask him when he comes home. He will tell, as he muses now, how struck he was because there were no men of his own age to be seen; all the males are very old, or so young that they run alongside the columns as they pass through the village and shout encouragingly. He will tell of the long roads, so very straight, with very tall trees growing on both sides. He notices the absence of hedges, like there are at home; he remarks on the fact that oxen draw the ploughs. And he plods on and on. He comes to roads bordered both sides by apple trees, the fruit flung to the ground in thousands by the autumn gale which is whistling and blowing as I write. He comes to villages where he rests when night falls, and where the villagers who are left gape when the regimental barber gets to work unconcernedly in a garden, in the open air.

Personal Impressions of the B.E.F.
by
HARRY J. GREENWALL

The weather for the first few weeks was magnificent; the roads were not dusty, although they are monotonous because they are so straight; but the scenery is wonderful. Thousands of men have seen parts of France which tourists in times of peace pay many pounds to visit. They have seen the castles of France, glorious in the sunshine, standing by the finest rivers in the country. They have passed through cathedral cities whose roots are buried in antiquity. Towns with names which make travellers' mouths water have been sounding to the steady tramp of "Young Bill" and the accompanying thunder of the rattling tanks and guns.

The transport of the first 158,000 has been the greatest triumph for team work our country has ever known. British dockers have shared to the fullest extent in this success. Members of the crews of cross-Channel steamers, so familiar to us as we went to and from the Continent on holiday bent, have dispersed, but turned up again in unexpected places and doing unexpected things quietly and efficiently. Boats landed their cargoes of "Young Bills" and then went back to fetch more; ships loaded up with masses of guns, munitions, tanks, supplies and lorries came in ghost-like to sea and river ports and faded out again, to return in the same silent way with more and more stores and supplies and implements of war.

In the meantime, across the long straight roads of France, by way of many, many roads, were marching whistling men with their arms sloped or marching "easy." In front of them whizzed motor cyclists, English motor cyclists on English motor bikes; English staff officers in English motor cars, driven by English drivers memorising the meaning of *tenez votre droite*. Behind were English lorries, once the familiars of the Great North Road, now camouflaged in autumn tints and fitting into the landscape of this country.

I could call this army of "Young Bills" the silent and secret army. It moves quickly, but the countryside, even when the silence is smashed by the thunder of innumerable types of mechanised warfare, fades swiftly back into silence. Its movement is secret, because even those who have seen it speak little of it, and never except to others who have seen it. No French newspaper has done more than mention, after it has been stated officially over the air from Paris, that British troops had arrived in France. It quoted the figure of 158,000 men after it had been stated by Mr. Hore-Belisha. For the rest, all is silence and secrecy, as should be when the fog of war envelops a country.

The French who have been onlookers at this so quiet British force are astonished at its efficient appearance and military forthrightness, because in this section of France the French Army is so seldom seen; it is part, of course, of the national life of the countryside, but never has there been seen any such enthralling thing as the running up of a field telegraph, which has now become a daily occurrence, or the testing of the strength of an ancient stone bridge, which has become part of the daily routine of the Royal Engineers. Neither have they seen huge swaying tanks or guns which seem to travel with the speed of a train, or anything like the paraphernalia of war, such as the "Young Bills" of Britain have brought with them to France.

Yet these things, unheard of a few weeks ago, have now fitted into the lives of men and women hereabouts, just as this huge British force has fitted itself into what may be fairly described as some of the most romantic districts of France. I suppose it is only for a day or two that it seems strange to find a whole battery of British guns reposing around a sixteenth-century French church, and there is, so I suppose, nothing really funny when one turns a corner of an ancient French city to run into the arms, as it were, of a marching British regiment whistling "The Lambeth Walk"; yet, to paraphrase a once-famous poet, I suppose these things must be, *before* a famous victory.

If there are any of my readers anywhere feeling a trifle down in the dumps because of an absence of news from France, please conjure up this little picture for yourself. It is between six and seven in the evening, a lovely mellow evening. The old men and the women are home from the fields. They find children dashing this way and that. *Les angliches* are coming. French interpreters came this morning, and English officers in a grey motor-car. Some soldiers came later and put up some funny-looking brown nets along that road. They have picked bits of trees, too. They are nice. People stand about in the twilight, and wait. Then come the whizzing motor cycles. A car comes along. It is almost dark now.

Then you hear a sort of steady tramp; it becomes louder, and the beats are rhythmic. You cannot see the column until it is right here. It passes like a shadowy line of brown, perhaps silent, perhaps whistling softly. The column halts. Men move away, fade out would perhaps be a more apt description. Then you see them again: tunics off; washing, cooking, doing odd jobs. They move about in the dark with a deft precision. Children stand around goggle-eyed. The elders offer help shyly. The interpreters translate the officers' requests; can we have this, and that. It is not an army of conquerors, this army of "Young Bills," but a large group of men who are marching along the French roads to certain victory.

MILITARY AVIATION IN TURKEY

Aided by British Experts, It is Making Great Progress; Some Special Conditions Induced by the Noonday Heat

WARMING UP THE GUN BEFORE A DAWN FLIGHT

The gunner likes to know that his guns are warm when making an early morning start

THE TURKISH FLYING MAN IS AN EXPERT PHOTOGRAPHER

These men are working at aerial photographs in front of a large camera survey of the Stamboul area

PERFECTING KNOWLEDGE OF THE PLANE'S ENGINE

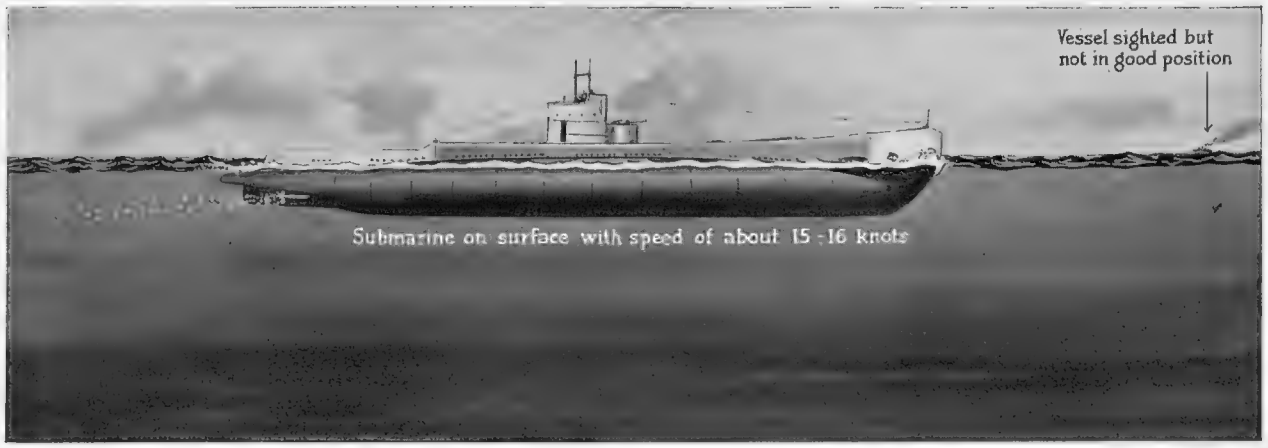
The Turkish pilot must know every part of an engine. The Government has spent much in setting up training centres

THE STAR AND CRESCENT IS THE DISTINGUISHING NATIONAL MARK OF TURKEY'S WAR MACHINES

Owing to the intense heat during the middle hours of the day, flying begins with the break of dawn and continues for as long as atmospheric conditions allow. In the case of students, classes are then resumed

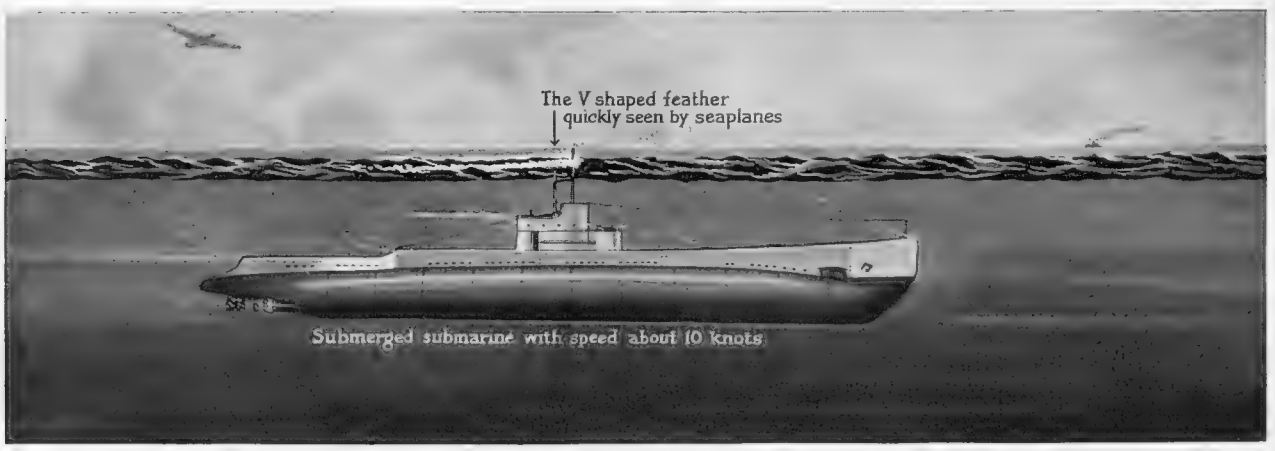
A KNOWLEDGE OF THE MORSE CODE IS ANOTHER BRANCH OF THE TURKISH AVIATOR'S EQUIPMENT

Above are a number of young Turkish flying men studying the morse code, earphones on head. *On right* are others gaining an expert knowledge of the gun they may have to use in the defence of Turkey



THE SURFACE SPEED OF AN ENEMY SUBMARINE

The officers' eyes must be on every point of sea and sky if they would escape danger. 15 or 16 knots is probably the maximum speed of an enemy submarine when proceeding on the surface, with a drop of 2 knots under actual fighting conditions



UNDER-WATER SPEED OF A SUBMARINE

The speed of a submerged enemy submarine is probably 8-9 knots with a possible 10 under pressure; progress under water is slow and a condition of things not desired by a submarine. It would rather wait and come to the surface later. Her periscope wake is perceived from the air, making the seaplane a deadly enemy

OFFENCE —

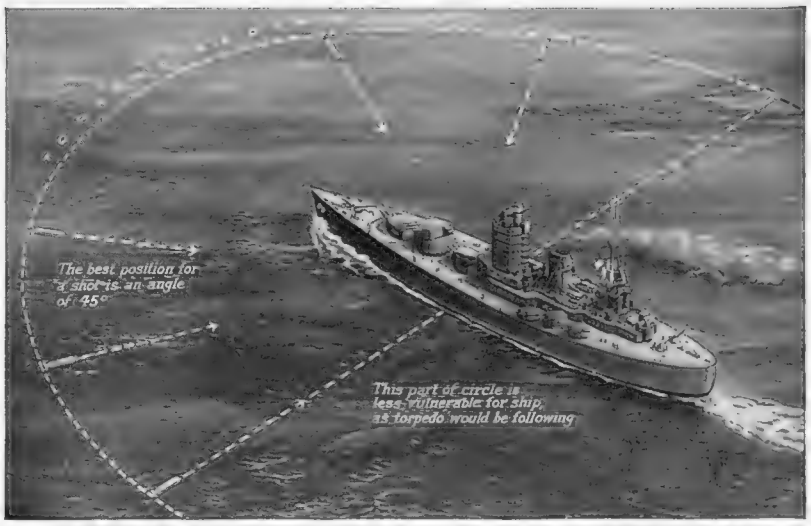
How a Submarine Can Lie in Wait for Its Prey for a Limited Period, Until It Can Strike with Greater Chance of Success

WITH the unpleasantly surprising successes of the German submarines against the *Courageous* and *Royal Oak*, as well as a number of merchant ships, there is a natural tendency to exaggerate their power, and the carefully-guarded statements of the Admiralty concerning the Navy's successes inevitably fail to carry so much weight. There is not the least doubt that the Navy is doing remarkable work against the U-boats, but the layman is apt to get an entirely false idea of their power.

It is useless to deny that the modern German submarine is remarkably efficient, using excellent weapons, and while it is dangerous—and inevitably disappointing—to belittle its power as was the tendency at the beginning of the war, it is necessary and wise to keep sight of its limitations. The German designers and engineers are competent, and they are able to work on all their experience in the late war, increased by the testing of new ideas under neutral flags while the Treaty of Versailles was enforced. The submarine and her weapons are admittedly better than they were in 1918, but so are the antidotes.

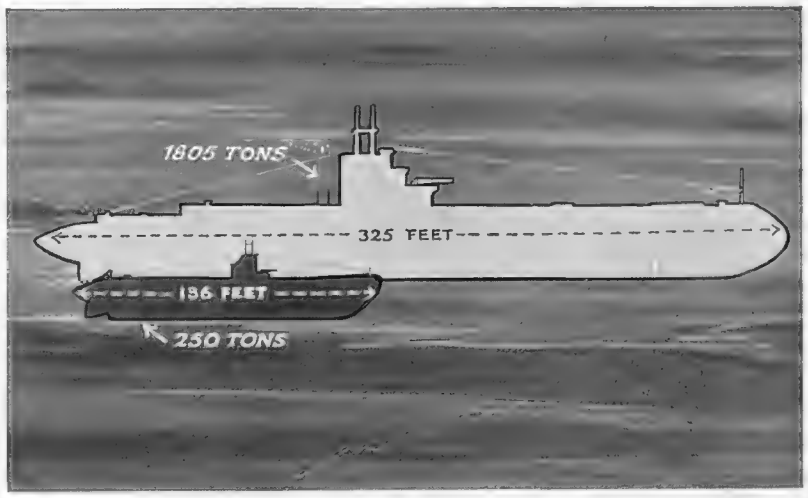
Of the power of the present German submarines it is only possible to speak in general terms on account of the curtain of secrecy behind which the new fleet has been built, and it is necessary to discount the wonderful stories, generally in the form of the rumours which get more credence than authenticated reports, which have been circulated by the Propaganda Department.

The post-war German submarine fleet is divided, until they can get new tonnage completed, into three broad classes with surface displacements of about 250, 500 and 740 tons. In 1918 the surface displacement



THE VULNERABLE ANGLES ROUND A WARSHIP

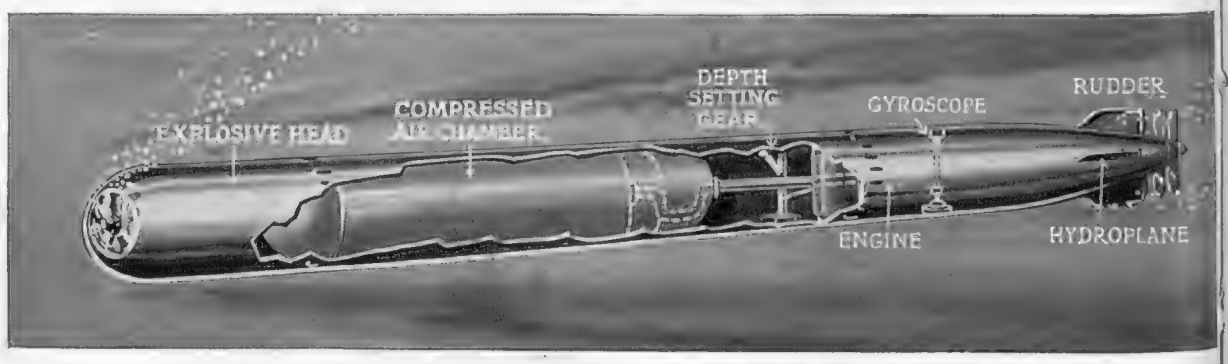
If one heard that a moving cruiser or battleship had been hit by a torpedo, the chances are that it was hit somewhere in the forward half of the imaginary circle here described. 45 deg. is the most desirable shot from the point of view of the submarine



On left—

THE CONSIDERABLE RANGE IN THE SIZE OF SUBMARINES

The size of enemy submarines probably ranges from 250 to 740 tons, all rather smaller than in the last war. Other navies possess much larger submarines, the biggest British one being 325 ft. long



On right—

HOW A TORPEDO IS PROPELLED AND KEEPS ITS COURSE

The chamber of compressed air is in the centre; the air drives the propeller and actuates the gyros which keep the fins and rudder in proper positions for regulating the torpedo's course below the surface

WHAT A SU
CAN AND CA

Some Questions

By FRANK C.

Since the torpedoing of H.M.S Flow, many people have been askin the possibilities of the submarin are some of the questions; ou seeks to answer them on thes

(i) How long can a submarin
(ii) What is the range of a t
(iii) What is the surface spee merged speed of a submarine
(iv) What is the most vulnerabl approached by a submarine?
(v) What is the size of a Germa she much smaller than i

of the bigger ships of the U type ran up to over 2,150 tons, so that the present boats seem small. But the U.53, the first submarine to reach the American coast and to operate there for a considerable time, was of only 715 tons. With the improvements in the modern Diesel a ship of her size could operate almost anywhere in the Atlantic and if she could rely on supply ships slipping out to her from neutral ports she could stay away from her base for a long time without very much fear of her machinery giving way under the strain.

In the matter of speed, which is again kept secret, technical deduction and practical observation would suggest a maximum of 15 or 16 knots on the surface, which means at least 2 knots less under active service conditions when the submarine captain cannot run many risks when he is far away from his base. In any kind of a sea, also, the U-boat's speed is pulled down much more rapidly than that of a merchant ship or surface man-of-war, and it becomes impossible to sight the gun mounted on deck forward of the conning tower.

If a ship of quite normal speed can get ahead of a submarine on the surface, therefore, she is tolerably safe; if the U-boat is submerged her speed is less than that of a tramp, and moreover her batteries will only let her maintain full speed for an hour or two without running a big risk. At slow speed the new boats can probably keep running under water for 48 hours, but they would never do so unless forced to as, apart from the big strain on the crew, they never know when they will want a good deal of "juice" in their batteries to avoid pursuit, and the prudent captain will never let them run more than half down without coming to the surface to charge them up with his propelling Diesels.

As the majority of the submarine's torpedo tubes are placed forward she can, of course, send her torpedoes after her flying quarry but it is seldom worth her while. The beam of a

BMARINE NNOT DO

Answered

BOWEN

Royal Oak in Scapa questions concerning and the torpedo. Here naval correspondent pages :—

remain submerged ?

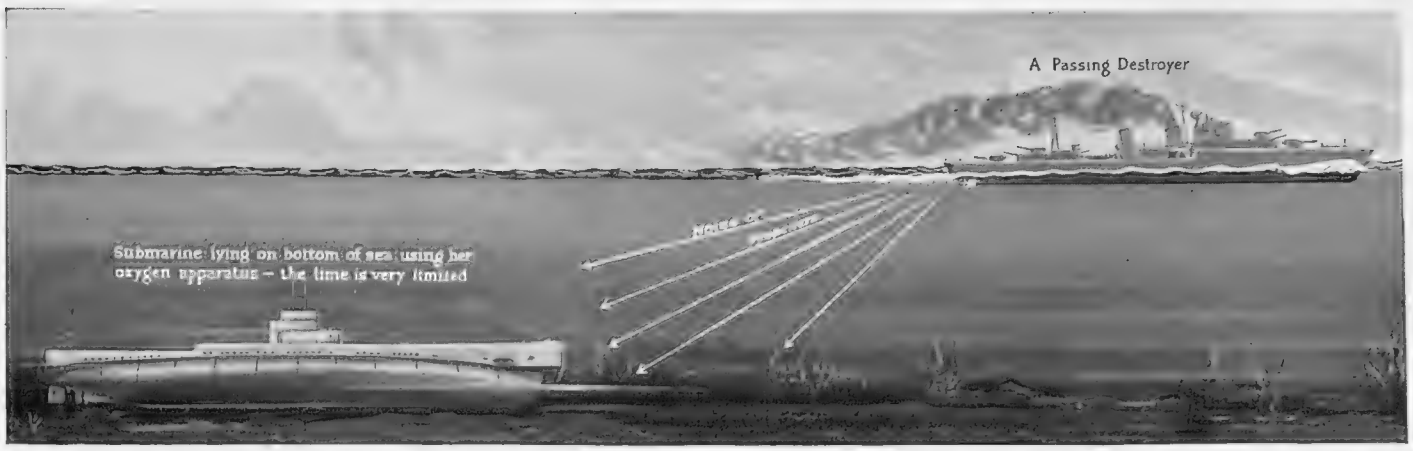
pedo ?

compared with the sub-

angle for a ship when

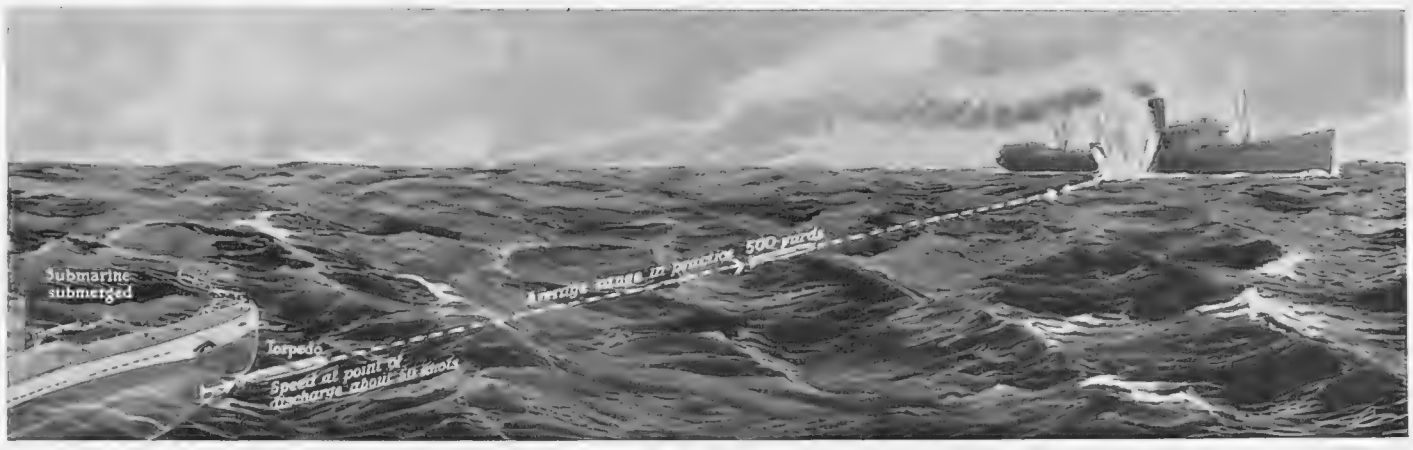
submarine to-day ? Is 1914–18 ?

ship end on makes a very small target and although the torpedo, except at extreme range, is faster than any ship afloat there is little chance of a hit. In spite of all its clever mechanical devices it is very liable to be thrown right off its course by the wash of the propellers and in the case of a twin-screw ship the rapidly revolving screws make an excellent guard.



THE LENGTH OF TIME AN ENEMY SUBMARINE CAN LIE HIDDEN ON THE SEA BOTTOM

It would be possible for an enemy submarine to lie quietly on the sea bottom for forty-eight hours if the oxygen were carefully used and the submarine was functioning properly. The position has to be carefully chosen if the submarine is to escape damage to her hull



THE RANGE OF AN ENEMY TORPEDO AFTER HAVING BEEN DISCHARGED FROM A SUBMARINE TUBE

This varies according to the nature of the target, but the usual shot in practice against a merchantman is 500 to 600 yards. The torpedo could travel farther but its speed would be decreasing and its aim becoming uncertain. Against the long line of a fleet at sea or a merchant convoy a long shot would be attempted

DEFENCE —

How the Navy Kept the Guns of the Last War In View of Such An Occasion As Has Now Arisen

THANKS to the obstinacy and sound common sense of an Admiralty official a dozen years ago, a gentleman in whose favour the Government's objection to personal reference might surely be waived, the British Merchant Service is now well provided with defensive guns, for he succeeded in fighting the suggestion of the economists that the guns left over from the late war should be sold to the old iron merchants, or alternatively dumped into the sea to save the cost of maintenance.

A large proportion of these guns were of a new handy type which had been specially designed early in 1918, when it was decided to give a gun to every merchant ship of over 400 tons gross and when the Admiralty insisted that these guns should be efficient It was specially designed for the use of merchant ships after the most careful consideration, firing a projectile of convenient weight which was not too heavy to be manhandled by a semi-trained personnel who had not the perfect muscular control of the well-trained seaman gunner handling his 100 lb. 6-in. projectiles.

Eleven hundred of these guns were ordered at the end of the war, nearly all from American and Japanese gun makers, but very few of them had been delivered before the Armistice rendered them unnecessary. The few which had been in action had proved themselves really excellent weapons, dangerous even to the biggest German submarines mounting 5·9-in. guns, owing to the advantage which they had in their high position as compared with the low freeboard of practically all the U-boats.

A standard design was of the greatest advantage for the arming of merchantmen, greatly simplifying the supply of ammunition as well as the training of the merchant seamen, and naval men enlisted for "hostilities only," who were expected to handle them. Everything was made as simple as possible, but the gun was very "nimble" and easily handled, and although its range was not as great as the guns mounted in regular men-of-war, it was ample for its purpose.

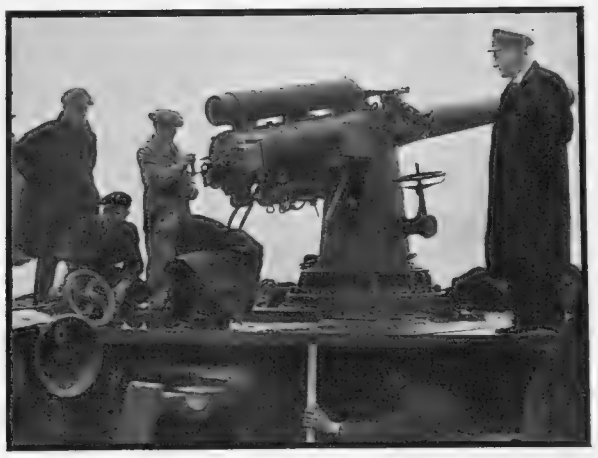
Before this standardised gun was turned out, defensively-armed merchant ships—the "Dams" as the Navy called them—had to put up with any gun which happened to be available, and the supply of ammunition was such a complicated problem that few ships could be spared more than a few rounds. In many cases the submarine would keep her distance until the merchantman's ammunition was exhausted and then close in and overwhelm her. Many of the guns were worn out before they were installed, the 3-pounder and 6-pounder quick-firers originally intended as the anti-torpedo armament of the ships built under the 1889 Naval Defence Act, for instance, while others were most unsuitable in every way.

The Japanese supplied a number of 4·7-in. guns taken out of the 'tween-deck batteries of old cruisers, and the mountings of these were designed to be supported by the under side of the deck above as well as the deck on which they stood. As merchant ships had to mount their guns on the open poop, there was nothing to take the upper part of the mounting, and the story was long told of the Clan liner which had to take one of these guns at Capetown because there was nothing else available, and which was therefore forced to build a miniature Forth Bridge of girders in order to take the upper side of the mounting. This only permitted a very small arc of training right aft before the muzzle of the gun fetched up against the girders, and the submarine which sank her approached from forward so that she never even had a chance of getting a shot in.

In spite of these handicaps, the defensively-armed merchant ships put up a grand fight on many occasions, and even the obsolete 6-pounder pop-gun proved useful.

HOW SHIPS WERE ARMED IN THE GREAT WAR

A great variety of guns were fitted as and when opportunity offered. The variety of ammunition proved a difficulty, supplies frequently running short



MOUNTING A GUN AT A MERCHANTMAN'S STERN TO-DAY

At the present time, guns are being fixed in position on the stern quarters of mercantile ships. Considerable deck strengthening is required

HOW THINGS WERE MANAGED IN THE GREAT WAR

The size of the guns placed on merchantmen varied very greatly. They rarely had a sufficiency of shells on board

MERCHANT SEAMEN LEARNING HOW TO HANDLE A GUN ON BOARD THEIR SHIP

In manning a gun's crew, each member has to be very quick and precise in his movements when handling shells

THE NAVAL PRIZE COURTS GET UNDER WAY

How the Courts Deal with the Problem of Captured Ships and Their Cargoes

Described by
NOEL THOMPSON

IT was not until five years after the end of the last war that the Naval Prize Courts in London had settled the last tangled legal problems of prize money awards, contraband, compensation, etc., and by that time £43,000,000 had passed through the hands of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court and been handed over by the Admiralty Marshal, and Registrar, to the Crown, the Treasury, the Naval Prize fund, plaintiffs, defendants, agents, crews, and a score of other deserving concerns.

Now once again the Prize Courts are getting under way and preparing to tackle the far greater task this time of contraband, of captured ships, and sunken vessels belonging possibly to a score of nations.

If the war lasts for long the difficulties Sir Boyd Merriman will have to face will be more complicated. For the first time aircraft are mentioned, and are entitled to apply for reward for capture or recapture of prizes. New orders and regulations for the Prize Courts have just been issued by the King in Council. They fill 100 closely-printed pages. Throughout, with infinite care, after the word "ship" the words "or aircraft" are added in brackets at least 500 times.

I think I can probably indicate the type of problem for which the court is set up by quoting a typical application for reward, this time not for the capture of a ship but for the recapture. I choose it because it has a most un-Whitehall-like thrill about it. The story has not been passed by the Ministry of Information. The names, numbers, and figures are from my own imagination; the wording is official.

A British warship has brought home a British vessel. A writ of "condemnation for prize" has been issued. The solicitor for the officer commanding, the officers and crew of the warship, then makes a petition to the Prize Court.

"George Harvey, solicitor for Arthur Bernard, commander, and the officers and crew of H.M.S. *Bentley*, the recaptors of the *Neurasthenia*, says as follows:

"(1) The recaptors are the commander, officers and crew of H.M.S. *Bentley* which is a cruiser of the second class armed with sixteen 6-in. guns and carrying a crew of 800 hands all told and fitted with engines of 25,000 h.p.

"(2) On the 30th day of October at about 11 a.m. H.M. said ship was proceeding from Scapa Flow in pursuance of her instructions to cruise off the coast of Germany and to assist and protect British vessels whilst passing such coast. At such time as aforesaid it was blowing a heavy gale from the south-west and the weather showed no sign of improvement.

"(3) Whilst proceeding as aforesaid those on board the *Bentley* sighted a steamship, appearing to be a British mail steamer, steaming to the east on about an opposite course to the *Bentley*. Signals were at once made to the ship which proved to be the *Neurasthenia* of Glasgow, but no answer was made and although a gun was fired the *N.* altered its course and proceeded in towards the coast of Germany, apparently making for the port of Kiel in enemy's territory.

"(4) The recaptors, therefore, having reason to believe that the *N.* was in possession of the enemy, immediately altered the course of the *Bentley* and chased the *N.*, gradually gaining on her.

"(5) After six hours chase the *Bentley* and the *N.* had come within ten miles of the coast of Germany and the *Bentley* was about half a mile astern. At this time it was seen that an enemy warship was coming out of the said port of Kiel and thereupon extra steam was raised on the *Bentley* and she succeeded in getting between the *N.*, and the said port and forced her to alter her course seaward.

"(6) The said enemy warship, which proved to be the *Blitzen* of twelve guns and to be carrying a crew of 600 hands, came on and with the assistance of some torpedo boats which were following her engaged the *Bentley*, but after a fierce engagement lasting about half an hour the enemy warship was beaten off and returned to the port of Kiel with the torpedo boats, whereupon the said *N.* surrendered to the recaptors, and the prize crew in charge of her having been taken on board the *Bentley* and a prize crew from the *Bentley* having been put on board the *N.*, the two vessels in company proceeded towards Scapa Flow and the *N.* was brought there in safety where she now lies.

"(7) At the time of the engagement His Majesty's said ship was close to an island and owing to the gale and the dangerous nature of the coast she ran great risk of being driven on the rocks during the manoeuvring during the said engagement, and the lives of the recaptors were thereby exposed to great risk and danger. In the engagement the *Bentley* had 20 men killed, including five officers, and 130 wounded.

"(8) The *N.* and her cargo was saved from condemnation as prize to the enemy under circumstances of special difficulty and danger.

"The said George Harvey prays the judge to award to the recaptors one-fourth of the value of the said *N.* and her cargo, or such other sum as to the judge shall seem just, and costs."

I must thank the office of the Admiralty Marshal, Mr. H. D. Cockell, for drawing my attention to this pleasant Whitehall epic encounter in imagination. It seems hard that the owners of the *Neurasthenia* should take such a niggardly view. *Their* reply is that the *Bentley* was not engaged in protecting British ships, but was watching the port of Kiel and trying to entice the *Blitzen* out and capture or sink her, and that the *Neurasthenia* brought about the very engagement the *Bentley* wanted, in the course of the *Bentley's* duty. They feel that an eighth of the value should be paid, and the *Bentley* should pay costs.

That is a simple type of case the Courts will have to deal with. It is when it comes to the valuation of cargoes, some of which may be contraband, and some not; and whether a captured ship can be sold because it was carrying contraband, that headaches are going to arise for counsel and judge and court officials.

The President's Court (over the bridge in the Law Courts, and into the Admiralty Division) will be, as in the last war, the chief Prize Court. Here Sir Boyd Merriman, spectacled, youthful looking, with his quiet incisive voice and habit of sitting with chin cupped in hand, eyes keenly on the speaker, will sit. Above him on the wall is a large naval anchor.

On the third floor of the Law Courts, where few people go, are the offices of the Registrar, Mr. L. F. C. Derby, and the Marshal, Mr. H. D. Cockell, who will be two of the busiest men in the country. Their normally small staff will have to be greatly augmented.

Prize Courts date back as far as 1512. The law administered is not British Law but International Law, drawn up in a series of agreements, declarations, and pacts. But, alas, the law is open to wide interpretation. At one time it was forbidden to sink a merchant ship. It must be captured and taken to port. Wide-ranging submarines made that impossible, and so "destruction was allowed in face of exceptional circumstances." Then in the last war the German Prize Courts—there were two, one at Hamburg, the other at Kiel, consisting of a judge, a president, a legal member, a naval officer, and a member representing shipping and commerce—decided that if a vessel was sunk the Court was not competent to award prize-money or pay damages to neutrals. This was a great saving, though contrary to all custom, leaving no legal remedy. Altogether, neutrals lost 1,720 ships by this German method of *spurlos versenken*, or sunk without trace, during the last war.

The question of contraband grows daily more impossible to decide. At one time contraband was practically only arms or munitions destined direct for an enemy country. In 1904 Britain and the U.S. raised a great outcry because food ships were being captured during the Russo-Japanese war, and as a result of their protests only food on its way to a strong town or port might be captured. Civilians must not suffer. Imagine that nowadays.

In the last war it was not till 1917 that we started anything like a blockade of Germany. We supplied neutrals with coal to two or three times the quantity they needed in peace-time—and the surplus went to Germany. Austria in 1917 was short of machinery to gather her vital harvest. Three weeks before harvesting time we allowed a big consignment to go through untouched by sea rather than offend by calling that machinery contraband.

This war there is hardly anything that is not contraband—anything which can in any way help Germany to prolong the war must be contraband. And so, soon, we shall be seeing advertisements of sales by auction of thousands of tons of goods which we have captured. The Government may requisition ships or goods, but their value is assessed by experts and the Court will decide how much the captors should receive.

Already I have heard of the representative of one large store making inquiries. A quantity of clothing and material destined for Germany has been captured. The store want to tender for it. But they must wait.

BRITAIN KEEPS CLOSE WATCH ON NEUTRAL SHIPPING

A general view, taken off the English coast, showing neutral ships anchored at designated spots to await inspection by the officers of the contraband control. This system of search is now working smoothly and expeditiously; it is preventing the passage of vital cargoes to enemy destinations but yet without raising the ire of affected neutral countries and shipmasters

All contraband for sale must be sold at a public auction. Anyone interested must keep an eye open in *The Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Public Ledger*, or one of the trade papers most intimately concerned with the type of goods for sale.

It is possible that the famous coffee destined for Hitler will be on the market. In the last war a cargo of 50,000 sacks of coffee was captured. In order to ensure a fair price and avoid a glut this was sold in instalments. All this money, and all these deals, come under the care of Mr. Cockell, the Admiralty Marshal. Money for the Prize Fund goes into a deposit account in the hands of the Paymaster-General. From that account the amount paid in prize award is drawn.

Now what about appeals? Supposing a German firm (represented as they will be by the Swiss Government officials in London) is dissatisfied. There is only one appeal, and that is to the King in Council.

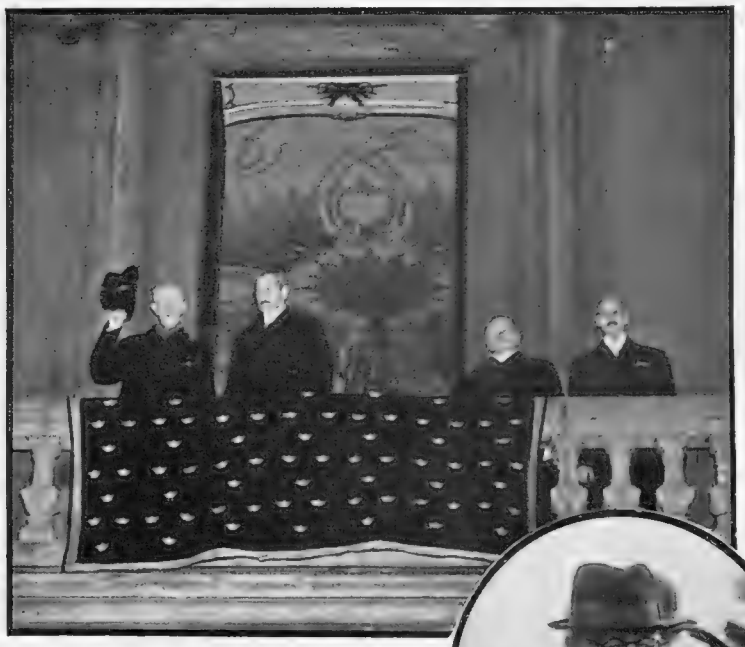
Records for an appeal, it might interest you to know, must be on quarto paper, with forty-seven (!) lines to a page and every tenth line numbered in the margin. And the bulk must be reduced as far as practicable. If the records are printed out of England the Registrar of the Privy Council will require forty copies. But I do not imagine there will be many appeals. British justice and methods are universally recognised (except in Germany).

For instance, in the last war Sweden had 1,600 claims, proceeds of sales of cargo to the value of over £2,750,000, and payments out to the extent of £1,250,000. Representatives of the Swedish Government attended to see the procedure and methods of accounting, with a view to appointing a firm to look after the many claimants' interests. The system was explained to them, and solely on the assurance that normal procedure would be followed, the Swedish Government appointed no one to supervise or examine the accounts. They were satisfied their interests were safe. That is a nice high tribute to the British Prize Courts on which to end.

Torn From Their Homes: *Tears, Anxiety, and Determination are Evidenced by Many a Scene in the Northern Lands*

THE FORCIBLE EMIGRATION OF THE BALTIC GERMANS: PATHETIC GROUPS ON THE QUAYSIDES AT RIGA

This group includes numbers of those departing with their babies and baskets, and a number of friends saying good-bye. Many gave way to open grief as the moment of separation came. It seems an inconceivable operation, this abrupt removal of thousands of people from their homes, but the terms of the agreement on the evacuation of Germans from Estonia have been officially announced and are now being carried out. The first clause provides for the transfer of citizenship where this is necessary and release from military service in Estonia. The second, which deals with economic questions arising from the evacuation, stipulates what articles, household goods, jewellery, etc., and money, the Germans may take with them. Under the third clause an organisation is set up to handle financial transactions for the evacuees. The fourth sets out regulations for the transfer of capital (if any) to Germany



THE FOUR RULERS MEET IN STOCKHOLM

On October 18 four Northern rulers, King Gustav, King Haakon, King Christian and President Kallio and the foreign secretaries of the four Northern Countries (Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Finland) met in Stockholm, and appeared before a big cheering crowd. *On extreme right* is M. Paasikivi, the Finnish delegate, on return from Moscow

TO CONSIDER THE BALTIC SITUATION

FINLAND PREPARES FOR ANY EVENTUALITY

On the left evacuated children from Helsinki are being given hot milk by the Women's Voluntary Service and *on the right* is an astonishing pile of inflammable goods and furniture from upper storeys of the city houses, a necessary air-raid precaution

BUT HOPES TO ARRANGE MATTERS EQUITABLY

WITH THE PERMISSION
FRENCH ARMY: They

Scythe over shoulder, the poilu becomes peasant again for the harvest

RETURN TO THE FARM: With his wife and little daught fatigue of his journey. He breaks his fast with a simple me

In this special set of incidents, beautifully recorded by Rapho, Br unknown in this country. Here we are shown the *poilu* e special harvest leave. They are from various spots but they all of France, leaving musket, if not uniform, to take up the scythe

Left—*Symbols of Peace and War, the military coat and helmet hang by the implements of agriculture*

Above—*Again in uniform, the soldier ploughs the land with two patient oxen*

ONNAIRES OF THE

hey Are Given Leave to Return Home for the Harvesting

aughter beside him, the permissionnaire recovers from the e meal of wine and bread—the symbols of France

, British readers can see a side of French army life *lu en permission,* the soldier who has been given y all tell the same story of the hardy agriculturalist cythe and guide the plough during his special furlough

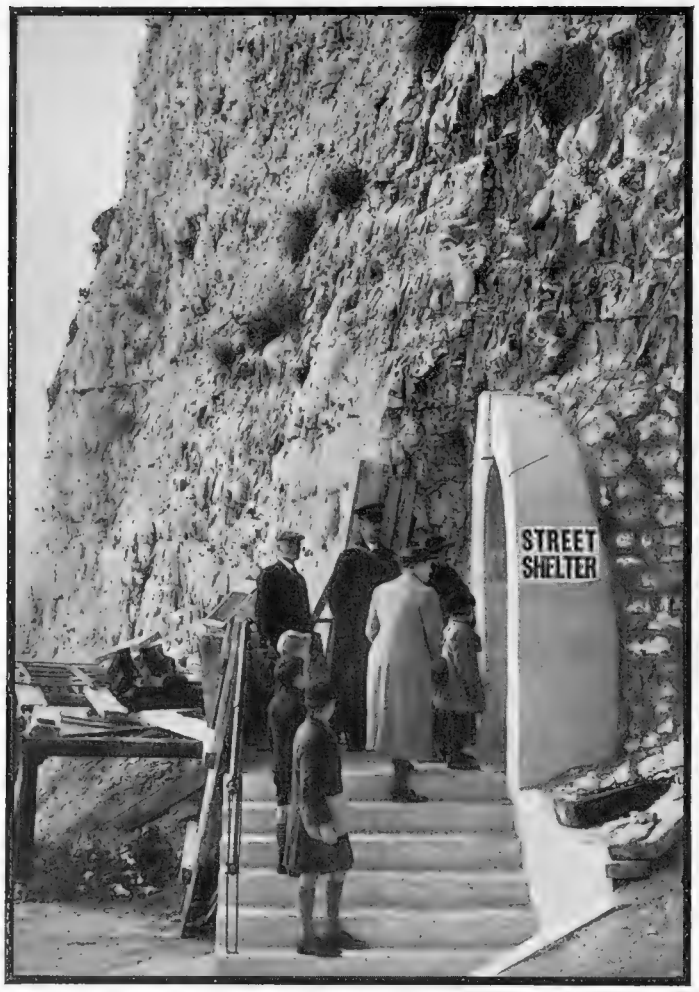
Still in uniform, but back among the vines, the poilu helps his good-looking young sister

Above—*Minus his regimental cap, this soldier looks much more the peasant of this attractive countryside*

Right—*At the door of the farm, the poilu en permission greets his little daughter*

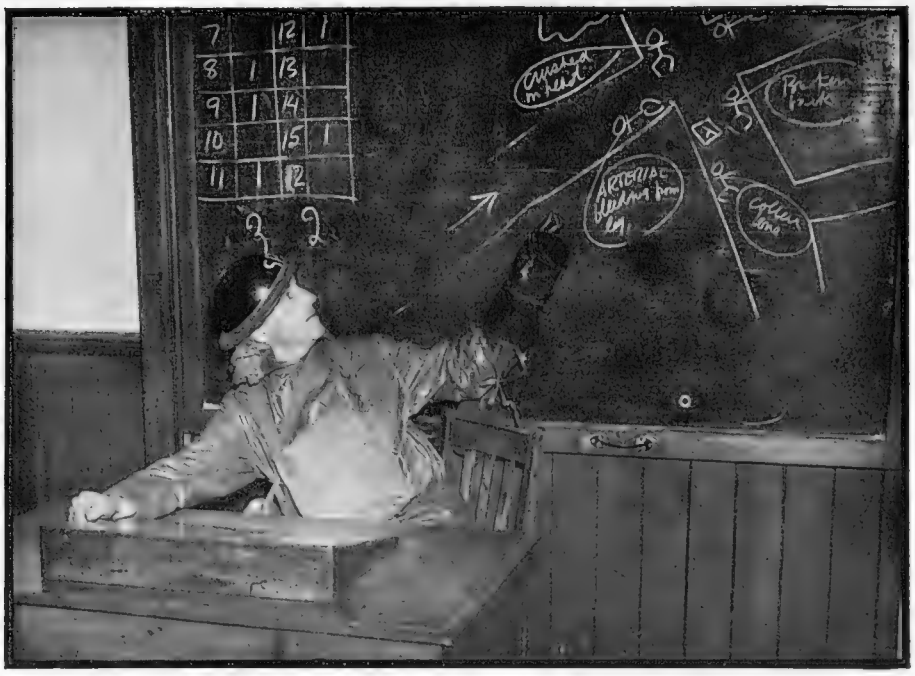
THE PROBLEM OF SANDBAGS IN WINTER

And Other Air Raid Precautions Items



RAMSGATE POSSESSES AN IDEAL AIR RAID SHELTER

At a depth of 90 ft. below the surface this entrance leads to long tunnels and chambers carved out of the chalk cliffs, offering comfort and safety within



A REALISTIC LECTURER USES THE BLACKBOARD WITH GREAT EFFECT

He has drawn a number of casualties at a street corner. One has a broken collar bone, another is bleeding arterially from the leg, and others are pretty far gone. It is evidently an effective means of bringing home to wardens their particular problems

ERITH BOROUGH COUNCIL HAS BUILT AN UNDERGROUND EMERGENCY HOSPITAL

With almost film-like realism this "patient" is being treated for a supposed throat injury

WINTER'S THREAT TO SANDBAG FORTIFICATIONS

The approach of winter has already shown that serious trouble may be expected with ill-constructed sandbag erections. Rain followed by frost may lead to bursting of bags and the general disruption of the sandbag pile. Spraying is an effective guard to a moderate degree

EXTERIOR OF A KENTISH CASUALTY-CLEARING STATION

Above—This carefully constructed station is a credit to Erith. *On right*—This sandbagging around the statue of Thomas Guy does not appear to have been erected on any regular plan, and the question may arise: What will winter do to these bags? Some firms are already having their sandbag protections boarded over with various materials

PHILIP PAGE at the THEATRE

Revues, "Crazy" and "Intimate," Provide a Very Mixed Fare—Opera Enthusiasts Hear "Madame Butterfly" at Sadler's Wells—Irish Comedy at the Duchess

COCHRAN'S YOUNG LADIES AGAIN

C. B. Cochran at the Palace Theatre selecting members of the chorus for one of his forthcoming revues

LONDON now has almost a peace-time supply of revues, both "crazy" and "intimate." As I write, the proportion is one crazy example to two intimate. This arrangement may be altered at any moment, but on the lines that it is, on the whole, better to be intimate than crazy no harm will be done if it is allowed to stand.

The Little Theatre revue and the Gate Theatre revue (now at the Ambassadors', just to make it more difficult) launched second editions on the same day. Each is an excellent show of its kind, and it is fortunate that they are of different kinds. I happen to prefer the former, for its humour is more kindly (though without any loss of satirical value) and I like any musical entertainment to show occasionally some concession to sentiment and not to be vinegar all the way. That there are those who will disagree with this view is just as well. "Thank goodness, tastes differ," said Mr. Sam Weller, "or vot vould happen to the makers o' fancy veskits?" thereby giving utterance to one of the most profound remarks in the whole of the works of Mr. Charles Dickens.

Not that Mr. Herbert Farjeon includes in his admirable entertainment at the Little anything so crudely romantic as a sentimental ballad or a heart-throb sketch. But a quartet, with an old-world, folk-songish touch to it, sung in a boat is one of the above concessions, and a vastly enjoyable one, and another is Miss Irene Eisinger's exquisite singing of a naive eighteenth-century aria.

Miss Hermione Baddeley again is broadly and subtly funny as occasion demands—broadly in a burlesque of a musical-comedy heroine of the more pretentious type and in her picture of a pseudo-oriental maiden, and subtly in, particularly, her aged *ballerina*. Advancing years as a subject for burlesque is usually not amusing, for it is too much on the cruel side. But this is quite a kindly affair and should be irresistible to those balletomanes whom it does not offend (for your average balletomane is not over-burdened with humour and takes himself desperately seriously).

Mr. Cyril Ritchard as her partner takes his share of the fun-making as one of those odd male dancers clad in very tight tights and wearing a blonde wig and an air of graceful, if epicene, aloofness. Mr. George Benson is at his best when giving advice to his son (*not* after the manner of Lord Chesterfield) and as a clod-hopping village cricketer. A most diverting little show, without a dull moment.

The Gate Theatre revue specialises in the bitter, though some of it is rather mild. It is relentlessly satirical, which does not mean that the satire does not sometimes misfire. If some of the clever young folk who have written it had not so obviously been determined at all costs to be devastating all the time and had here and there added a little jam to their acrid powder it would be, I think, a more enjoyable revue and also a funnier one. As it is, there is too much harping on the same note, that note being that all is as wrong as wrong can be in the worst and silliest of all possible worlds. Such is possibly the line which sophisticated intimate revue must take. But it should not, I think, take it all the time.

None the less, this is a diverting entertainment on the whole and unquestionably worth a visit. Miss Hermione Gingold carries the bulk of it on her shoulders and is fully capable of doing so; she is an accomplished revue actress. A very definite personality is Miss Joan Swinstead, who specialises in deep sayings uttered in a deep voice. Mr. Walter Crisham is a good character actor and a clever dancer of a slithery macabre type; to a scene in which he depicts a seller of "feelthy postcards" he contributes astonishing realism.

Both these "Little" revues were playing to crowded audiences when I visited them, and profitable business, I gather, is continuing. As for *The Little Dog Laughed* at the Palladium—a large, loud and jolly affair—it sets out to appeal to the mob, and the mob is duly responding. Ever since the opening performance the box-office figures have been astronomical. Good. It keeps thousands amused and hundreds in regular employment.

GENEVA UP-TO-DATE

A scene at Bernard Shaw's re-written version of *Geneva* which was presented last week at the Golder's Green Hippodrome. In the foreground can be seen the Secretary of the League of Nations (Alan Goford), Deaconess (Olive Milbourne), Widow (Elizabeth Vaughan). At the back, left to right—Sir Orpheus Midlander (Ernest Thesiger), Battler (Derek Birch), Commissar Posky (Alan Gordon), Judge (Geoffrey Edwards), Bombardone (William Heilbrown), General Franco de Fortinbras (George Welford)

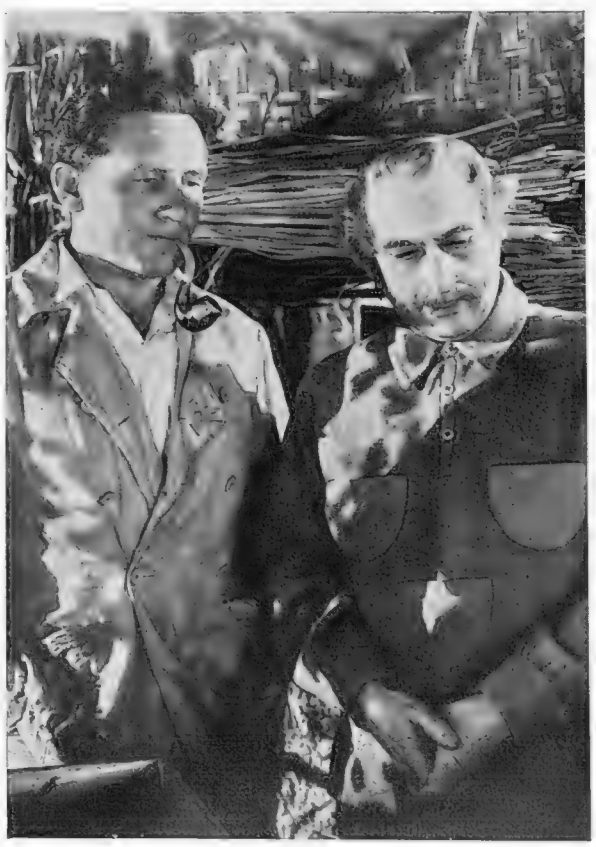
"Madame Butterfly" (Sadler's Wells).

—Plucky, and all that sort of thing, though it is for the "Wells" folk to carry on with war-time opera, they really should (and I know that they can) do better than they did with *Madame Butterfly* the other afternoon. For a distinctly mediocre performance a large portion of the blame must go to the conductor, who wore a beard but in other respects did not show any resemblance to either Sir Thomas Beecham or Sir Henry Wood.

Puccini is not a great composer but he is a tender and delightful one. On this occasion his music was made to sound arid and cut-and-dried—poor phrasing, nothing voluptuous or romantic, and not a smell of a *rubato*. It seemed to me that this conductor does not like Puccini. If that is so, why conduct him?

Madame Jeanne Dusseau, on the other hand, sang admirably as Butterfly and Miss Rose Morris's Suzuki had many points, all of them good ones.

I have heard this opera probably about fifty times, but this was the first occasion on which I saw a doll used for Butterfly's little child. The effect was quite absurd. Of course economy has to be preserved at the "Wells." But in the street during the interval I saw scores of de-evacuated children, most of whom would probably have been glad to have taken on that simple job for a shilling or two.



STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE

Spencer Tracy as Henry M. Stanley and Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Dr. David Livingstone in Darryl F. Zanuck's production at the Gaumont Theatre, Haymarket. The film stirringly depicts Stanley's search for Livingstone, who had been lost sight of for four years in the Tanganyika country

"The Playboy of the Western World" (Duchess).

—It is many years since I first enjoyed *The Playboy of the Western World*. This famous Irish comedy, which has now become a classic, has turned up at the Duchess, where it is remarkably well done by a clever Irish company, whose names are, for the most part (with the exception, of course, of that fine actor, Mr. Harry Hutchinson), unfamiliar. There is a bitter-sweet atmosphere about it, an odd mixture of blarney and pathos, which I have always found irresistible.

THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS BECOME ACTIVE

LISTENING - IN IS A SPECIAL ART WITH THE ANTI - AIRCRAFT UNITS

WATCH AND WARD DURING DAY AND NIGHT

A gun's crew in the act of loading an anti-aircraft gun

Above—A powerful modern searchlight beam pierces the sky. *Above on left*—The anti-aircraft squads wait at their guns—the long hours are sometimes tedious, but the unit is there and ready to spring into instant action

On left—One of the latest searchlights with windows and the latest devices. The adjacent scene is reversed in the mirror to the left. Turn this upside down and you will see

A NAVAL ANTI-AIRCRAFT UNIT GETS BUSY

Those with sharp ears are seated on this turntable listening machine with four huge ears. Two men control the angles of the listening ears

EVERYTHING IN ABSOLUTE READINESS FOR THE CALL TO FIRE AT ANY MOMENT

It was announced on the wireless last week that certain well-known anti-aircraft units had gone to France and were, with additional drafts, functioning in the British sector

The raid on the Forth was one of the first occasions upon which the shore anti-aircraft batteries were given a real run. Reports from the north gave witness to the brisk barrage of gunfire which burst out from the shore batteries and kept the raiders high and flurried. *On right*—Getting the range of an advancing enemy plane

THERE ARE, of course, OTHER THINGS THAN WAR. . . .

A Chronicle of the English Country Life, Which Still Goes On Despite Sterner Activities Elsewhere

THE STATELY HOMES.—Every day in the prosecution of one's ordinary business comes evidence that a use has been found for the stately homes of England at the very moment when the "last straw" of the war budget had made them of no further use to their owners. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

My fire insurance premium needs to be renewed. I am informed of the fact from a country house where I remember to have shot some very high pheasants in 1907. From that famous pile (erected by Vanbrugh out of the peculations as paymaster of the 3rd Earl) comes a notice that my account is overdrawn. It was from this house that I attended the Blankshire Hunt Ball in 1913. Whiteladies, famous for its Edwardian cricket weeks, is doing our jewellery insurance and not getting fat on it. At Norman Manor, that rather primitive gem, a group of periodicals for which I work are putting a heavy strain on the always inadequate supplies of well water and petrol gas.

That classic palace of the 11th Duke of Omnium, with its 200 rooms, is positively a girls' school, to the relief of the Duke who now finds that he may enjoy exactly 3s. 5d. of every pound of his net income (or perhaps gross). His Duchess is less philosophic when she visits incognita the State bedrooms, where often slept every Sovereign since William IV, to see nailed to the temporary matchboarding on the walls photographs of film actors and hockey groups, and peeping above the protective skirting old Duchesses by Gainsborough and Vandyck, frowning down on the hundred tousled heads of the rich middle-class matrons of to-morrow. Every night the Duke's old night watchman—a happily-married man and very dependable—threads his way among the virgin beds, looking for smouldering cigarette ends and wondering if their Graces will ever return and end the nightmare. And I wonder, too. I have counted up no fewer than eighteen great country houses whose hospitality I enjoyed from youth to middle age which are now given over to bank clerks, insurance clerks, schoolgirls, journalists, company directors, and what not. And why should these people ever return to London or whence they came?

The old families will never be able to live in their stately homes in our times. Inconvenient as these houses may be for their new uses, they are become just as inconvenient for their older. They can be rationalised, and, though their rating valuations may be high for the country, they are low enough in comparison with Lombard Street or even Wimbledon. An office in the country, a *pied-a-terre* in London, that is all that most businesses need nowadays, even in peace, with swift train service and efficient communications. I think that many of these "vackies" have come to stay, solving one of the old landowner's many problems.

Back to Methuselah?—Fifty years of memory do not cover even a measurable fraction of time in the evolution of the country house to what we know it to-day. Yet the fifty years I can remember were a period of most constant and radical changes. The developments in my lifetime equal the sum of the progress in the preceding 300 years.

I recall a story, told as fairly new in my childhood by a Duchess of Buccleuch: A famous admiral was visiting at one of her country houses, and one morning a distracted housemaid burst in upon her with, "Your Grace, his Lordship is asking for what he calls a bath, *to wash his Lordship all over in.*" Fifty years ago a bathroom was a rarity. A great house might have one—a large, coffin-lidded tank in a converted and icy bedroom or garden room probably on the ground floor.

In the house I was born in, there was no water laid on to the bedroom floors. Servants uncomplainingly carried brown cans of hot water, all brewed in the kitchen copper, to supply flat brown tubs, with spouts, laid out before the fire. And these tubs carried our nursery linen when we travelled by train for holidays. There was, of course, no central heating, and had not been since the Romans left us. The country house was still a more or less self-contained and self-supporting unit then if it were more than six miles from a country town. The range of visiting was at the most ten miles, though one sometimes drove fifteen miles to a hunt ball, an endless and chilly adventure mitigated with flat hot-water tins for the feet.

One or two country houses had begun to light themselves with gas as early as the Reform Bill era, but there were not half a dozen pioneers in electricity among the country houses in my childhood. We sat shoulder to shoulder round one lamp on a table, just as Jane Austen did when she wrote her books. It is amusing to find that war conditions are bringing us back to the country house life of our distant childhood.

Once more our visiting range is about six miles. Once more we must depend on fires to keep us tolerably warm, since the fuel controllers lightly assumed that in peace-time we so little considered the cost of coke that we invariably bought 25 per cent. more of it than we needed. Once more we grope along our passages because A.R.P. requires it, and gather round a single lamp on a central table.

Once more, with the demands made by evacuees on our limited water supply, we know what "the luxury of a bath" means. Once more the country house, small or large, must be self-supporting and the womenfolk have perforce again become what they were in the seventeenth century:

> "... dull country madams that spend
> Their time studying recipes to make
> Marchpane and preserve plumbs."

Indeed, we are preserving everything except our furniture and house decorations and carpets. The evacuees take good care to prevent that form of preserving. And, generally, life in the country is as dull and laborious as it was before scientific discoveries began to enfranchise it fifty years ago.

Smugglers' Ways.—In the days of the Napoleonic Wars West Sussex was a hot-bed of smuggling. Cargo after cargo of French brandy and Lyons silk and other luxuries was run into the creeks and inlets between Chichester harbour and Littlehampton and then carried by devious routes on pack-horses to the recognised secret centres where the London men met the convoys and haggled over prices before hiding or removing the swag. The gaugers and preventives were very active and the smugglers were compelled to travel at night and to avoid every town and large village.

West Sussex was a paradise for the night-riders. In my childhood we used to be told that its famous sunken lanes—none more famous than those between Woolbeding and Stedham—were the old beds of rivers gone dry. Others declared they were "made by the smugglers," presumably by the feet of the pack-horses over generations of time! Some time back, before the war came, we enjoyed a thrilling trail of the smugglers' ways. We assumed a landing of contraband at or near Wittering and we followed the night-riders to that famous hidden exchange-dump, the Jolly Drovers Inn at Rake. This inn, famous still to motorists, lies on the Portsmouth Road, on the very boundaries of Hampshire and Sussex, with one foot in the legal jurisdiction of each county and handy for the London men.

We traced the smugglers up by devious routes and lanes and down tracks, avoiding Chichester and going east of Kingly Bottom; that lonely and ghostly hollow; thence over the solitary farm lands under Bowhill past Chilgrove to the old chalk path over the South Downs between Treyford and Elstead. They crossed the Rother—greatly daring—at Trotton and then soon after turned up Gate House Lane. Of that we felt no doubt. Gate House Lane is surely the original of Alice-in-Wonderland's adventure. Driving up it at night (with pre-war head-lights) it is exactly like driving through the Tube. Judge of our thrill when, half-way up it, we came upon a small house and read its name painted on the gate—"Smugglers." Thereafter the route taken was known to us by local tradition. Along the north side of the ridge that runs from Kingsham to Rake is a famous sunken path, always known as the smugglers' path. It ends only at the lonely common which adjoins Rake and the Jolly Drovers—the night-riders' goal. *Q. E. D.*

The smugglers were very brutal when they caught an excise officer. One they shoved down the big well at Lady Holt. Another they tied to a pack-horse and beat to death between Harting and Rake. Some of them were caught and hanged from a tree still standing, I believe, in the Combe.

Hedges in Autumn.—The hedge rows at the foot of the Downs are nature's barbed-wire entanglements and would stop many a small tank. Just now they are at their loveliest and most peaceful. Indeed, they are better worth examining in autumn than in spring. There, in a section of a few yards, you may find and gloat over wreaths of briony with its green, orange and red berries, festively adorning the grey masses of old man's beard. These strings of coloured heads are the most fascinating of berries. In sombre contrast, you find the shiny black berries of the smaller guelder-rose, and the reddish berries of the larger species.

When you examine the briars you find many varieties and the "hips" vary in size and colour. The sprawling, thorny branches are gay with "robin's pin-cushions," now turning red. The little maples of the hedgerow are showing their pink "keys," the ashes their larger green "keys." You will find still the orange spikes of "lords and ladies" poking up from the moss, and the dark red "haws" cluster so thick this year that the bushes are weighed down and the birds are assured of plentiful winter feed. It has been a bumper year for the edible wild fruits, as decorative as they are useful.

The Rain Gauge.—I fancy we are in for a wet autumn. Not, I hope, the 10 ins. which November and December of last year brought us, but . . . plenty of water. This area, under the Hampshire end of the South Downs, has an average higher than London and many other parts of Britain. I believe it to be about 36 ins. a year. But in the years I have lived here it has been higher. In the three years '35, '36, and '37 the average was nearer 40 ins. In '38, of course, it dropped immensely—to 28·58 ins. That was a freak year. By the end of October only 17·70 ins. had fallen, and in the last two months it "made amends" by giving us 10·88 ins.!

This year to date 28 ins. have fallen (the first fortnight of October yielding 4 ins.) and I shall be surprised if we do not reach a figure of 36 ins. We were, however, lucky enough to miss the cloudbursts and floods of the Midlands. Our fine dry spells came in April, June, August and September, and this year the rainfall on the whole has fallen tactfully and often at night. In these outlandish parts most people have cause to remember and note periods of drought. For those who don't depend on rain water, depend on wells which soon run low if taxed; and only the lucky enjoy subterranean springs, and pumps and engines to bring the water up.

J. G.

A FAMOUS CASTLE AS A SCHOOL FOR NORTH COUNTRY GIRLS

The Guest Hall at Alnwick Castle, Northumberland—the scene of gay banquets and pageantry through the centuries—is now a classroom for girls from the Newcastle Church High School. Where lords and ladies have danced and supped, girls now learn the domestic sciences, dressmaking, and other homely subjects. Here the schoolgirls are seen arriving through the stately Barbican entrance to attend their studies in the historic Guest Hall of Alnwick

AUTUMN REIGNS

Scenes from the Farthest North to the Southern Shires

CUB-HUNTING WITH THE GRAFTON

Two little followers, Miss Grant Ives and Miss Wyndham Lewis, snapped near Towcester

AUTUMN ON THE RIVER ESK: AN AFTERNOON STUDY

The bridge at Gilnockie is a pleasing sight to the eye. It is built on sober lines, from stones, they say, taken from the peel-tower of Johnnie Armstrong, a Border freebooter

THE MISTS OF AUTUMN NEAR AN ESSEX CREEK

The misty effect on low-lying land surrounding an Essex creek has been caught very well by Douglas Went. *On left*—Lorraine and Joan, daughters of Mr. Hocking, Penberthy Farm, St. Erth, Cornwall

SURVIVORS FROM THE DAYS BEFORE WRITTEN HISTORY — MEGALITHIC STONES OF AN ORKNEY CIRCLE

The horses are grazing round some of the standing stones of the two famous rings forming the "Standing Stones of Stennis" or Stenness, near Maeshowe, Orkney Islands. Thirteen of the original sixty stones of the big circle are still standing: twenty-three lie prostrate

PLANES in the MAKING

A LONG PERSPECTIVE OF HEAVY BOMBERS UNDER CONSTRUCTION

These big Handley Page bombers are in various stages of construction. In the foreground may be seen rear wing sections being added to the main spar of the wing spread. Farther in the distance the planes are less advanced

THE MOST POWERFUL OF THEIR TYPE, HAMPDEN BOMBERS WELL ADVANCED

Aircraft factories all over the country are working at full blast in producing bombers and fighters of various types. These Handley Page Hampdens are taking shape nicely

BOMBER v. FIGHTER IN AERIAL COMBAT

"The Obvious Difference Between this War and the Last is the Distances Involved"

The War in the Air Described by CHARLES G. GREY
formerly Editor of *The Aeroplane)*

THE war in the air has been rather more active during the past week than hitherto—that is to say, more things have happened in the air which come near to bringing the war home to those of us in Great Britain who hitherto have been sitting and waiting. Those raids up and down the east coast seem to suggest that the German Air Force is taking a more vivid interest in this country than it has done up to the present. Even London, which has been in a state of remarkably passive resistance for weeks, was wakened up on Monday.

One particularly interesting feature about these bomber skirmishes is the fact that there has been no report from the R.A.F. defenders of any fighter escorts accompanying the bombers. In the last war anything like big formations of bombers were always escorted by fighters ready to pounce on enemy fighters which interfered with the bombers. In the civil war in Spain the Nationalists developed fighter escorts for their bombers to a very fine art and the Spanish officer-pilots showed that they were exceptionally fine aerobatic fighters—as befits a class who are essentially fine horsemen.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE WITH THE R.A.F.
The flight-sergeant has a last-minute word with the air-gunner before the bomber takes off for a flight over the enemy lines into Germany

The obvious difference between this war and the last is the distances involved. From an aerodrome in France to the farthest objective which bombers of the period could reach was still well within the range of the fighters of the day. Only towards the end of the war when Major-General Trenchard (now Viscount Trenchard and Marshal of the R.A.F.) organised the Independent Air Force, R.A.F., and prepared to bomb munition centres far away in Germany did the question of bombers without fighting escort become a serious problem.

The big four-engined Handley Page biplanes were built specially to reach Berlin from the east coast of England; they were in fact the first aeroplanes to carry a gunner in the extreme tip of the tail so as to defend the craft against direct fire by enemy machines which could not be reached from the gun-position amidships. The tails on those Handley Pages were about as big as a normal biplane fighter, so they blanketed the fire of the midship gunner quite considerably.

None of those four-engined machines was ever used for the purpose for which it was intended, and in the light of later experience most people who have studied the question believe that they also would have needed long-range fighters to protect them.

There has been an immense amount of argument verbally and on paper between the two schools of thought in air forces of various nations. There are those who believe that a big enough aeroplane carrying enough guns can be a self-defending bomber. But the builders of modern twin-motor fighters claim that they can carry petrol for just as long a range and have much greater speed than the bombers and greater manœuvrability.

When the U.S. Army Air Corps ordered a number of the great four-motored Boeing bombers, generally called the Flying Fortress, a friend of mine who makes a very satisfactory twin-motor fighter told the chief of the U.S. Air Corps that the more bombers of that sort they built the more targets they would provide for fighters such as his.

We know that the Germans have learned from that argument, because only a week or two before war was declared the German Air Ministry allowed the circulation of photographs of a new twin-motor Messerschmitt fighter, which looks as if it ought to have a very fine performance indeed.

And we can be pretty confident that we on our side also have twin-motor high speed fighters which can have as long a range as any long-range bomber.

Range merely depends on what the air staff in control of that particular operation consider to be the advisable proportion of bombs or ammunition on one side, and petrol for a given range on the other side.

Naturally, a bomber should carry a fair amount of self-protective armament. Bombers and their escorts may be separated in bad weather. Or escorts may be so busy in a dog-fight with enemy pursuit ships, as the Americans call them, that they have no time in which to defend all the machines which they are escorting. And the loss of a perfectly good bomber and its pilot, navigator, and bomb aimer and its bombs, just because no provision was made for a fourth man to defend the tail would be merely silly.

On the other hand, there is the argument, which has a number of followers, that smaller machines with a crew of two, both of whom can handle the machine-gun, and both of whom are pilot and fairly good navigators, is the best proposition of the lot. And for comparatively short distances say up to five hours flying, which in these days means 750 miles out and 750 miles home, there is much to be said for the old doctrine of "one man, one aeroplane, one bomb." And that necessarily means an escort of at least an equal number of fighters.

Having checked over the motors, the fitter helps the pilot of a bomber with the aerobatic harness which fits over the shoulders and legs, and which keeps him in his seat during aerial manœuvres

The argument is that a lucky shot from a machine-gun or an anti-aircraft gun may mean the loss of four or five men and a very big bomber and bomb load, whereas if the crews and the loads are divided up there is very little chance of one shot bringing down more than one machine.

From the anti-aircraft gunner's point of view one can raise just as many arguments. One gunner will argue that if bombers come over in flocks of comparatively small aeroplanes, with fighter escorts above them, the A.A. guns (commonly called Archies, by the R.A.F.) may have a bit of extra luck by "blazing into the brown."

Another school argues that if a small number of big machines come over, the big machine is a better target, and a number of guns can concentrate on it, whereas if there are heaps of small machines no such concentration is possible.

Considering the number of anti-aircraft gunners there are in this country I should hardly like to use the old tag *quot homines, tot sententiæ*. But the number of diverse opinions on any of the problems of air war is surprising.

Another matter which was in the air news on Monday was a Reuter report of the perils and hardships which certain R.A.F. men went through while on reconnaissance during the week. The account does not make clear whether the story refers to a whole formation or to one machine. But according to the report the machines flew off into snow and fog which reached almost to the ground. The men were frozen stiff and almost unconscious in their cabins. Ice 6 ins. thick formed on the cowlings of the machines. And altogether the journey was unbelievably unpleasant.

There is no doubt that such conditions do assail aeroplanes at times. Ice formation has been the bugbear of civil aeroplanes ever since radio communication became so good that passenger-carrying aeroplanes have been in the habit of flying through weather which nobody would have attempted to face without radio.

But, chiefly as the result of experiences on air lines in the United States, modern equipment on passenger machines has practically done away with the ice danger. There has been a lot of talk about it in this country for the past two or three years, and several anti-icing devices exist. If such devices are not used on Air Force machines, one might reasonably ask why? Expense is of less importance in a Government service than it is in a commercial undertaking.

If the men were frozen as stiff as the story tells us, then obviously there must have been some defect in the electric heating of their clothing. Such specially-heated clothing has been standard equipment in the R.A.F. for something like ten years, or possibly more.

Another question which arises is why reconnaissance flights were sent off in weather which meant blind flying from start to finish; and what good could be done by a reconnaissance in such conditions?

The story gives such a horrible picture of the horrors of air war that I question the advisability of publishing it. Hitherto, everything which has been published about the Army has tended to enlighten the public about the charm of the life of a conscript soldier at home and the trouble which is taken for his comfort and entertainment overseas. And one is led to wonder why this horror story of the R.A.F. was let loose.

One does not of course question the accuracy of the story as transmitted from the R.A.F. narrator through the reporter on the spot to the newspapers. But one can question the accuracy of the story at its source. If it be true then it seems to indicate that the particular formation, or individual aeroplane, on which the story was built, had not been supplied with equipment which is standard fitting in the R.A.F. It also seems to indicate that either some senior officer had given an order which ought not to have been given, by sending people out in such weather, or that the pilot or pilots had persevered in an effort which meant imperilling His Majesty's aircraft.

If heavy air raiding took place on either side, and aeroplanes flew over high cloudbanks in clear air and then dived through them to drop their bombs, they might strike such conditions for a while, but they would hardly fly through them deliberately for hours at a time. Doing so would be a display of bad airmanship.

War flying is quite perilous enough without adding unnecessarily to its perils. There is nothing particularly praiseworthy in being heroically uncomfortable when one is already risking one's life. Personally I am inclined to think that the story was exaggerated by some local branch of the Ministry of Information to make a sensational story for the Press.

LIKELY SPOTS FOR AN ENEMY SUBMARINE RETREAT

The whole of the west coast of Ireland presents deep water inlets which would give excellent shelter to enemy submarines. The above is a section of the coast, to the north-west

IRELAND'S DANGER COAST

CONSIDERABLE uneasiness is being felt in Ireland and elsewhere concerning the possibility of enemy submarines finding harbourage in the creeks and inlets of the western coast of Eire. The German boats are faced by the stress of winter and must have places into which to run for shelter. The western coast of Ireland offers an obviously wide choice. "Here you have hundreds of miles of rugged, desolate, sparsely populated coast. It is impossible for neutral Eire's tiny force of coastguards and Civic Guards to keep efficient watch over this long 'front,' pitted with deep-water channels and natural harbours. I know scores of spots," writes a Dublin correspondent of the *Evening Standard*, "between Malin Head and the Fastnet where a U-boat could snugly ride out the storm only a few miles from the trade routes it is out to harry."

Some days ago a German submarine landed the crew of a Greek steamer at Ventry, a tiny village in Kerry on the southern side of the Dingle Peninsula. The only spectators were a handful of Gaelic-speaking fishermen and poor farmers who strive to make a living there by reclaiming land from the sullen fastness of bog and mountain.

It was here that a German U-boat landed Sir Roger Casement in the last war on his ill-fated mission of treason. It was here that a week ago the gardener of a Kerry landowner saw an officer in German naval uniform standing on the cliff path that leads down to the sea. He ran home to get his shotgun; but when he returned the intruder was gone.

The coast of Donegal is perhaps the wildest and most desolate, a veritable network of bays, inlets, and deep rivers. And the Donegal coast lies only just off the track of the great ships that sail out of Glasgow and Liverpool bound for Canada and the United States.

A LONELY STRETCH ON THE WEST COAST OF IRELAND

Innumerable sanctuaries could be found on this coast and perhaps they have already been found and charted

THE BALTIC FUTURE:

THE Baltic Sea, which is changing political colour so rapidly these days, contains a number of islands of great interest, some strategically and others geologically.

The case of the Aland Islands is well known. They form a kind of bridge between Finland and Sweden—their inhabitants are mainly Swedes. The danger of dissension over these thousands of islets was obvious after the Great War and endeavours were made to place them in a more or less neutral position.

Other islands are of a naturally astonishing character. Take Rügen, with its great headland known as the Königsstuhl. It is of pure white chalk surrounded with thick forests.

The island has been connected with the mainland by the Rügen Dam, so that it can be reached by rail. Besides timber production the island's main industry is mining and working of the chalk.

There is a popular German legend about the Königsstuhl which tells that there once lived a pirate, Claus Störtebecker, with his group of bandits, in a cave here. From Riga, Störtebecker once stole a noble bride straight away from her wedding and brought her to his cave underneath the Königsstuhl and locked her away with his many treasures. On his next expedition, however, he was caught and imprisoned in Hamburg. The unfortunate woman had to die of hunger, and her soul, still guarding the treasures, could not find rest. Believers in the legend often see her at midnight leaving her prison when going to wash her linen in the sea. Whoever calls to her "God be with you!" will be lucky for the rest of his life.

HOW THE SMALL BALTIC STATES ARE LINKED WITH SCANDINAVIA BY LANGUAGE

The language distributio sheds an interesting light o the status of the smalle Baltic states. We see Estonia Latvia and Lithuania linke up with Scandinavi

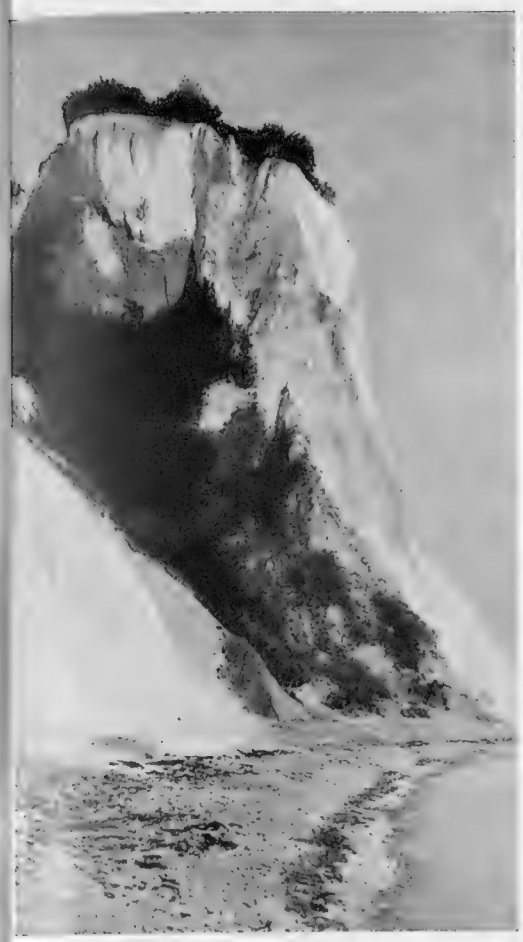
ISLANDS WITH A STRATEGIC VALUE

This old castle of Kastelholm is on one of the Aland Islands, which belong to Finland but are mainly inhabited by Swedes

A LINK BETWEEN TWO OF THE 6,000 ISLANDS OF THE ALAND GROUP

This modern bridge crosses the Farjsundet Strait. In the distance is the little village of Saltvik. The country is flat and wooded in nearly every case. The tableland of adjacent Finland is rising at what geologists consider a rapid rate. This may also apply to the Aland Islands

Strategic Islands In a Sea Where Values Are Altering Daily As Germany and Russia Vary Their Demands On Their Neighbours



A DANISH COUNTERPART OF RÜGEN

The Island of Möen, away to the north-west of Rügen, presents almost the same features. Ten live mines have drifted ashore here during a heavy storm

A WHITE GERMAN BASTION ON THE BALTIC—RÜGEN

Shining white chalk cliffs rise abruptly from this detached part of Pomerania

TWO REMARKABLE ISLANDS IN THE WESTERN BALTIC

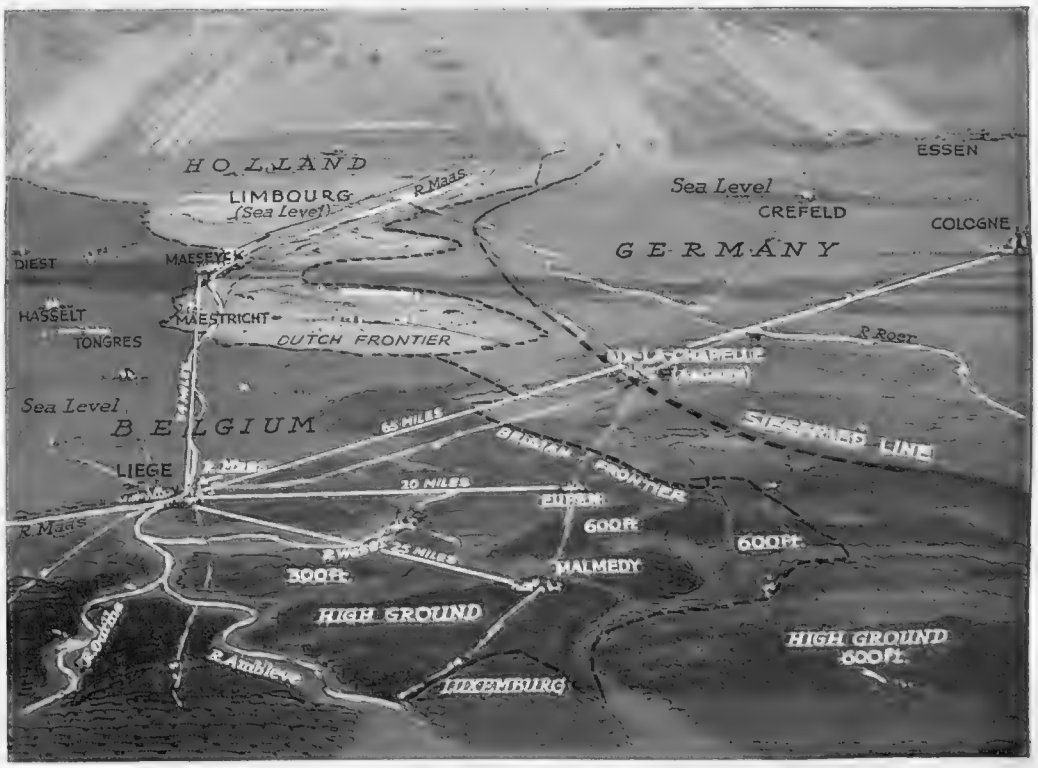
Möen Island, with its gleaming cliffs, belongs to Denmark; the larger Rügen Island belongs to Germany. Both present the same geologic features. *Below*—A strange sand dune sea frontier to East Prussia. It is near Nidden

WESTERN FRONT

WHERE THE RHINE FORMS A FRENCH FRONTIER AND WHERE IT TURNS AWAY NORTH OF BADEN

The Rhine forms a natural frontier from Basle northwards to Strasbourg, but in the latitude of Karlsruhe it runs slightly north-east, whereas the Franco-German frontier turns sharply to the west in Lorraine territory

Reports from the French army authorities stated last week that the weather conditions had made the Lorraine front almost impossible for a major attack. Snow and sleet were reported in the Saar district and elsewhere, to be followed by very cold but drier weather. Great activity all down the western line was reported on Tuesday, the opposing artillery interchanging fire, and observers from both sides of the line attempted to penetrate over enemy land. The French flying force was very active.



THE DUTCH PENDANT AND THE BELGIAN FRONTIER SEEN FROM LUXEMBOURG

The high ground of Luxembourg and the Ardennes country gradually drops to sea level meadow-land as one proceeds northward. An odd feature of the frontier here is the Dutch Limbourg province which hangs (in the map) like an odd appendix. To the west is Belgian Limbourg

MUSICAL REVERIE Listening to the music at the National Gallery where lunch-time concerts are taking place daily for the benefit of office workers. Many famous orchestras and musicians appear there

A STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS Closing of concert-halls owing to the war has caused many music lovers to attend the performances at the National Gallery where the daily concerts are given in an auditorium usually packed to capacity

"ROYAL OAK" SURVIVOR MARRIES IN LONDON Lieut. M. H. Benton, R.M., of the sunken *Royal Oak*, seen on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Winifred Packe at St. Gabriel's Church, Warwick Square, London

The World of Books—Reviewed by Vernon Fane

LIFE IN PRE-WAR POLAND

Martin Hare's Penetrating Story of Warsaw in 1938—Charles Kaufman's First Novel, "Fiesta in Manhattan"

AUTUMN evenings, and the longer winter twilights that they herald, have a different significance this year. One's own home and fireside is bound to be the scene of nearly all one's entertainment, and the problem will simply be what form that entertainment is to take. Wireless, sewing, knitting, carpentry, gadget-making, round games, paper games, the evening newspaper? Who knows but that the family album may once again come into its own. But the first, the obvious and the most popular recreation will naturally be the reading of books.

Booksellers have found this already, and with an earlier curfew the sales should increase. Publishers, who might at one time have feared for their autumn lists, find that this shows signs of being an excellent season after all, and the result is that the October–November flood of books is, to state it moderately, well up to standard. Novels, volumes of short stories, memoirs, books of travel, crime fiction, *belles lettres;* all are represented, and this week I will try to give you a brief review of some of those that I think will have the most general appeal.

First of all, a novel which would have made enchanting reading at any time, but which now has a topicality which its author, the wife of a Polish nobleman, can scarcely have expected. Martin Hare was last heard from in Warsaw, and her **POLONAISE** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is a story of that city in almost immediately pre-war days. In the autumn of 1938 three children come to Warsaw to stay with their uncle till early summer of the following year, when their English mother and their half-Polish father come to take them home. The divorce, to avoid which the children had been sent on holiday, is finally abandoned, and the family becomes the affectionate entity which it had never before been.

This abrupt change is brought about by two factors, the boy's grave breakdown in nerves and health following a month's long struggle to make up his mind between his two parents, and the influence of a happy and intelligent Polish home life upon him and his two little sisters. All three of them are typical products of an "enlightened" education, in which every problem is exhaustively discussed with their parents to the children's embarrassment and eventual boredom. The result is that the children are undisciplined and the oldest one, who is really a *sérieux* by inclination, is in a constant state of nervous tension from being given too much responsibility.

With this book Martin Hare joins that very small band of writers who can write about childhood without whimsy and with penetration. It is a sensitive and very moving study, and the background of tragic Polish history, which the children gradually come to know and respect, makes something quite memorable out of what seems, at first glance, to be no more than a charming and readable novel.

It is difficult not to comment on a tendency in Mr. Maurice Collis's style to approach the Maugham manner. It is not, though this may increase the superficial likeness, because Mr. Collis writes about Siam and Burma and necessarily, from time to time, of its white administrators. The influence is seen in the technique of writing itself, in the crisp and easy sentences which carry the action along so effortlessly, and in that occasional colloquial touch which seems to point the elegance of its context.

There is at least a trace of this orderliness in **SANDA MALA** (Faber. 7s. 6d.), a novel of Burma in our days, though Mr. Collis is inclined to let the action jerk a little from time to time, and has a heavy hand with the probabilities. Do women, for instance, even the most casual of them, make such abrupt advances as the lovely Mrs. Poole, and was there not something about the construction of the happy ending a trifle too reminiscent of the "they-lived-happily-ever-after" school?

But these are minor criticisms. On the whole it is a lively and very agreeably told story, and Mr. Collis has a painter's sense of colour and beauty in describing the Burmese scene.

The most astonishing thing about **FIESTA IN MANHATTAN** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is that it should be a first novel, for, although a writer's first novel may often have great merit, and be fresh or dramatic or touching or realistic, it is seldom all four of these things, and more seldom still has it the assured ease of a practised novelist. Mr. Charles Kaufman's book has all these qualities, and, although its scene is unfamiliar and not of any obvious interest, the New York frontiers of Harlem where the colony of expatriated Mexicans live, the story quickly develops pace and keeps up that momentum until the last page.

To Mexico comes the elderly American, Miss Crane, with her dangerous enthusiasms. One year it had been Italy and she had gone home to write *You'll Love Italy*. The next year a visit to Spain had produced *You'll Love Spain*. And so on. In Mexico her hard grey eye lights on little Juan, playing his guitar ("just the thing for a party"), and she ships him and his little wife north. They have never seen a big city, or even a big ship before. They are naive, simple, lovable and utterly honest. Though it is quite possible for such people to survive in any city, in their case the tragedy of their end seems inevitable. They have been uprooted, and crudely transplanted. Plants would die of such treatment, and Juan and his Elena are as much a part of Mexico as her flowers.

It is a melancholy theme but there is more to it than that. There is the life of the *barrio*, the gaiety of the crowded little flat in which six people lead quite distinct lives, the *marihuana* peddlers, the brothels, the vegetable market recalling more colourful, southern markets, the churches, and the old women with their love herbs and hideous practices. It would take far more space than I can spare to do justice to Mr. Kaufman's talent, but at least I have room to say how much I enjoyed his first book, and to hope that the next will not be long in following.

The fifty years from 1774 marked one of the most splendid periods in England's political and social history. It was the end, too, of a manner of life which has never returned, for though we have recovered or relapsed, according to one's view, from the Victorian era, we have never recaptured the spaciousness of those days at the turn of the last century, when virtues and vices were equally in the grand manner, and poetry sold better than the most sensational fiction.

That was the great time of Whig power, when "Fox declared that he hated war, when Sheridan proclaimed the right of America to self-determination, when Grey demanded universal franchise, when Pitt upheld religious tolerance." Of that brilliant set, Devonshire House was the stronghold, and the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire the moving spirit. In **THE GRAND WHIGGERY** (John Murray. 16s.) Mrs. Marjorie Villiers has achieved a remarkable, comprehensive and vivid picture of these people and their times, and the house of Byron's publishers have brought out the book, and decorated it with the old Whig colours of blue and buff.

Full marks for the novel of the week go to Mr. John P. Marquand for **WICKFORD POINT** (Robert Hale. 8s. 6d.), which has almost all the elements of a success by blacked-out standards and even by the standards of high noon.

First of all it is long; there are five hundred pages of it and not one, or anyway not twenty, superfluous. Then it is witty, really very funny in passages, and what is there more welcome than that? Thirdly it tells a good, coherent, interesting story and tells it well. I was growing a little tired of stories of American family life, but here is one which refreshes me. I may say at once that it has nothing to do with the Civil War, but is of present-day New York and Boston and the Massachusetts countryside.

It is also about a family of the most impossible people one could ever wish not to meet. They are one of those families who are proud of being a law unto themselves. They are feckless and beautiful and living on the reputation of dead ancestors. They are tiresome and possessive and self-centred, pathologically so, I would have said, but all the same one continues to read about them with pleasure, even with eagerness. Any friends of yours, Mr. Marquand. . . .

Read this book; you'll like it and it will entertain you, even though it settles no problems and attacks no matter of world consequence. It is just a good novel.

About every ten years, as nearly as I can reckon, Mr. Henry Green writes a novel, and it is both curious and interesting. The current one, **PARTY GOING** (The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.), is more surprising than its 1929 predecessor since it contrives to be well worth reading although it is about a group of utterly worthless people. In point of fact, it is not they or their actions or their nebulous thoughts which are interesting but the subtlety with which Mr. Green dissects them, and the uncharitable keenness of his observation.

All the action takes place in a few hours in Victoria Station on a day when fog holds up the boat train. A number of singularly unfriendly friends have met to travel to the South of France together. During the hours of delay each reveals himself, in his true colours, and a drab show they make. The men of the party are spineless, the women peevish, and yet with such poor human material the book is witty and astute.

HARRODS

NEWS & VIEWS

Of Men's Wear on the 'Home Front'

BOWLER HATS

Most suitable for the coming season. Light in weight and very comfortable leather head fitting. (MH. 100) 21/-

TAN CAPE GLOVES

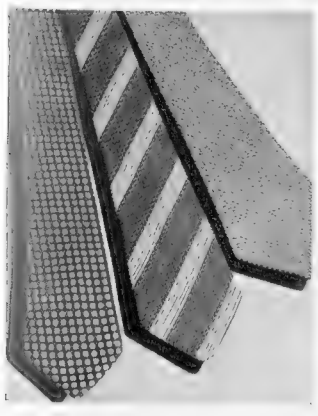
One dome fastener, warmly lined with curly lamb. Sizes 7½–10 ins. (MW. 59) Pair 12/6

POPLIN SHIRTS

Unshrinkable shirts, cut from exclusive cloth in Harrods own distinctive style. The price includes two new style reinforced collars to match. In attractive striped designs in blue, brown, red and grey, and black and white. With attached collar. 12/6

WINTER OXFORD SHOES

Correctly styled, in black box calf or tan willow calf, flexible but wet resisting, and calf lined throughout. Soles of finest English leather, sizes and half sizes 6–12. Narrow, medium and wide fittings. (MB. 49) Pair 44/-



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Cut from finest hand-woven silk squares, knot perfectly and are uncrushable. In a vast range of exclusive designs. 6/6

Large shape, 8/6

FOULARD TIES made by hand and lined throughout. In a large range of designs. Blues, reds, browns, greens, etc. Each 4/6

3 for 12/9

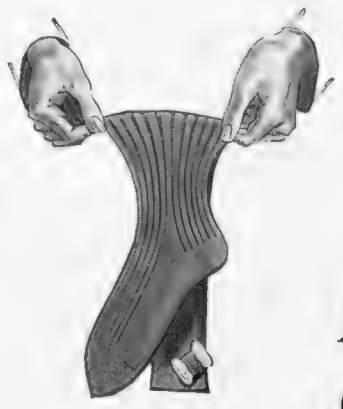
TECTOR SOCKS

The special 6/3 rib knit prevents these all-wool socks wrinkling at the ankle. They fit when new and remain fitting to the end. In blue, grey, fawn or brown mixtures. Also khaki, Air Force blue, navy, nigger, black or white. Sizes 9½–12 ins. (MW. 3) Pair 3/6

6 pairs for 20/-

'TECTOR' plain knit botany wool socks with double toes. Grey, blue or brown mixtures, or plain khaki, Air Force blue, black or navy. Sizes 10–12 ins. (MW. 4) Pair 3/-

6 pairs for 17/6



LOUNGE SUITS

In worsted saxonies and—especially suitable for present wear—new design in sturdy Scotch Cheviot. Double or single-breasted at the same price. In all sizes from 5 GNS. to 8 GNS.

Man's Shop Ground Floor

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DANGER IN THE DARKNESS

Double the Number of Killed and Injured on the Roads is the Legacy of the Black-out

OUR expectations have unhappily materialised, for the casualties on the road during the month of September have increased by 100 per cent. It looks as if the cure was almost as bad as the disease which it was intended to prevent. Up to the moment Parliament seems to have taken the published figures quietly whereas there should have been a tremendous outburst in the House. As I mentioned in my notes recently the great proportion of these additional casualties are avoidable and they need not be repeated if people with a practical knowledge of motoring, particularly at night, are entrusted with the job of organising the lighting of stationary and moving objects on the roads during the hours of the black-out. Those responsible for the present state of affairs should be given their notice to quit.

The published figures, shocking as they are, are really worse than they would appear at first sight, for we must remember that the amount of foot and wheeled traffic using our streets and roads during the hours of darkness is probably only about a tenth of what it is in normal times. A general who incurred such losses in just moving up his men behind the lines out of the range of guns would very soon be removed from his post.

For years now private motorists and the various associations and bodies which represent all motor traffic have been agitating for the Government of the day to get down to the job of modern road design and planning and it has always been pointed out to the authorities that the kind of roads which modern traffic requires would mean fewer road casualties even in peace time. If we now had the roads which we deserve and asked for they would undoubtedly assist in reducing the number of killed and injured.

Many years ago it was suggested that a great effort should be made to arrange for anyone who had not recently been out for a drive in a motor vehicle to be given a seat beside the driver so that the kind of troubles which the man behind the wheel has to contend with would be brought home vividly to those who use the roads on foot or on a bicycle. It was a great idea but almost impossible to put into practice. Yet one cannot help feeling that if only the pedestrian who unthinkingly crosses the road during a black-out could appreciate what a risk he was running by not taking proper precautions he would be more careful.

THE LUCAS A.R.P. HEADLAMP REPLACEMENT UNIT This shield fully complies with the latest Home Office lighting regulations. It must be fitted to the offside headlamp, and provides a driving light which illuminates the full width of the road, but prevents a direct beam being seen from above or in front. The unit has the advantage of being supplied as a complete replacement of the existing headlamp rim and glass, no adjustments or modifications being necessary

I have heard it said that there are hundreds of thousands of motor cars out of action because they were being purchased under a hire purchase agreement and the hirers have either been called up on service or are unable to continue their instalments on account of the war. The R.A.C. tells me that a number of motorists believe that they are protected in such circumstances by recent legislation but do not know exactly to what extent.

By A. PERCY BRADLEY,
M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.
(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

The R.A.C. points out that the most important Act of Parliament affecting the position is the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, 1939, which came into force on the 2nd September, 1939. Experience will in time show exactly how its provisions are interpreted and applied by the courts, but the most important points for hirers under hire purchase agreements can be thus briefly stated. A judgment obtained, whether before or after the 2nd September this year, cannot be enforced without the leave of the appropriate court and secondly, the finance company under a hire purchase agreement cannot repossess their property except with the leave of the appropriate court. The Act further provides that where the leave of the appropriate court is required and the court is of the opinion that the person liable is unable to fulfil his obligations by reason of circumstances directly or indirectly attributable to the war the court may refuse leave or allow it subject to such conditions as it thinks proper.

The R.A.C. advises hirers who as a result of the war cannot continue to pay the full instalments but who have already paid an appreciable proportion of the total amount, to write to the finance company offering to pay reduced instalments over a longer period. If only a small amount has been paid and the vehicle is no longer required it can be returned, but the hirer may find that he still has to pay an additional sum for depreciation.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Owing to the war, one or two training ships have closed down, but the *Arethusa* Committee, realising the importance of a regular supply of trained boys for the Royal Navy, are making arrangements to carry on the important work of training boys for the Royal Navy and Merchant Navy. The quality of the training that *Arethusa* Boys receive can be judged from the fact that during the Great War in the attack on Zeebrugge, an old *Arethusa* Boy was awarded the V.C., while seven others were awarded the D.S.M. Donations and legacies are most urgently needed to help this great work. Please send donations to the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

BENTLEY

Bentley Motors (1931) Limited wish to state that, at the request of the Government, they have TEMPORARILY ceased to manufacture motor car chassis.

This has enabled the whole of their manufacturing resources to be devoted to Government work.

The Company are in a position to supply Bentley cars from stocks of cars completed and in process of completion at coachbuilders.

All enquiries should be addressed to:
BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LIMITED
129a Preston Hill, Kingsbury, near Harrow, Middlesex. *Telephone: Arnold 2131*
or 15 Conduit Street W1. Mayfair 6201-6

POPPY DAY IN WAR TIME

For 18 years British people have given freely to Lord Haig's Poppy Day Appeal. Their generosity has built up the World's finest beneficent organisation for men who have served their Country in War. With the tragedy of War again forced on us, OUR NEEDS ARE GREATER. The men now serving, and those who will be serving in the anxious days ahead, are to share with their fathers of 1914/18 the benefits of all British Legion schemes of assistance.
POPPY DAY is of even greater importance in War time. It is unquestionably the finest medium through which you can help those who serve the Empire.

DONATIONS AND POPPY SELLERS

These are our urgent needs. Please send gifts and offers of help to your local Poppy Day Committee or to

HAIG'S FUND, CARDIGAN HOUSE, RICHMOND, SURREY

TWO GENERATIONS NEED YOUR HELP

PLEASE BE VERY GENEROUS

HELP

URGENTLY NEEDED

for training Crippled Girls

Ninety per cent. of the girls in our Crippleage are unemployable in the ordinary channels of industry! They are happy under our care, but thousands of other crippled girls dread the future because they cannot earn a living unaided.

We want to help these. And we CAN. By patience and sympathetic understanding, we train such cripples to make artificial flowers and so enable them to become partially self-supporting.

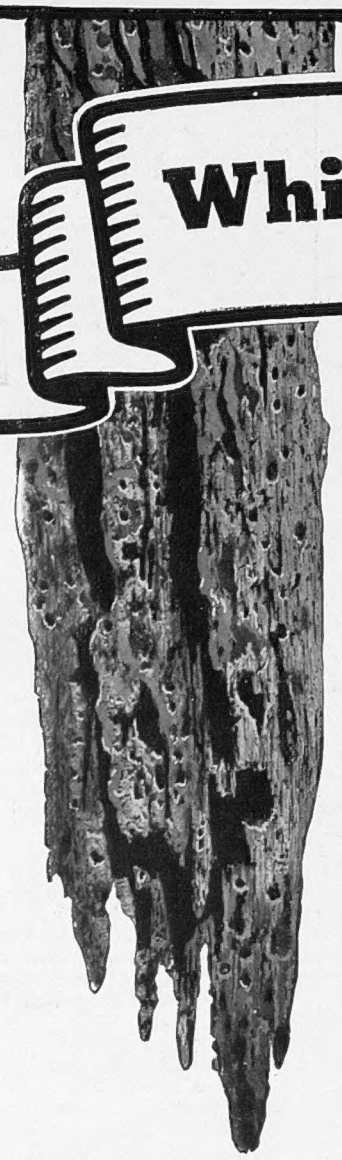
Unfortunately, it is all we can do to maintain our present strength —340 girls at Edgware and Clerkenwell. The "WAITING LIST" grows bigger and bigger.

Must we continue to turn a deaf ear to these appeals for help?

WILL YOU JOIN WITH THOSE WHO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR THIS NOBLE WORK TO BE EXTENDED?

Annual Report gives fuller details. Please write for a copy.

JOHN GROOM'S CRIPPLEAGE
AND FLOWER GIRLS' MISSION
37, Sekforde Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.1



Which is it to be?

Rotting wood ..... or good Sound Timber?

The answer lies in your hands—and a drum of Solignum.

No unprotected timber is ever safe from infestation by Dry-rot spores and the consequent damage Dry-rot causes. In tropical climates the added menace of White Ants makes it still more important that timber should be safely protected against these pests. Unprotected roof beams, floor joists and other structural woodwork are liable to attack also by Death-Watch Beetle. There is, however, one certain protection against all the enemies of timber—Solignum Wood Preserving Stain. Repairs and renewals are costly. Avoid this expense by timely treatment with Solignum, the leading Wood Preservative, used throughout the world for more than thirty-five years.

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WOOD PRESERVING STAIN AND WHITE ANT DESTROYER

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The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, the late GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 70, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

Approved by doctors
Famous for 50 years
YOUR CHEMIST SELLS
RENDELLS

Clear that Cold with
VAPEX
BREATHE THE VAPOUR
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BREAST SUPPORTER

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For small figures only, in white fine material, **19/6**
White material. For drooping, heavy figures, **38/6**
Loose Breasts, **32/6**
Pink Silk or Net Detachable straps from **52/6**
Very low back model, **63/-**
Please state Bust and Underbust measurements.

JOUJOU GIVES UPLIFT and SUPPORT to FIRM or LOOSE BREASTS

INGENIOUS DESIGN for AMPUTATION.

WITHOUT & WITH.
NURSE WITH COMFORT

JOUJOU SUPPORT for GIRLS to WEAR. IT GIVES COMFORT, UPLIFTS, PREVENTS STOOPING, and BREASTS from DRAGGING, and BECOMING HEAVY, Is EASILY ADAPTED and IMPROVES DEPORTMENT, ALSO GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF FROM PAIN. DOCTORS ADVISE.

Various prices for one's requirements and taste.
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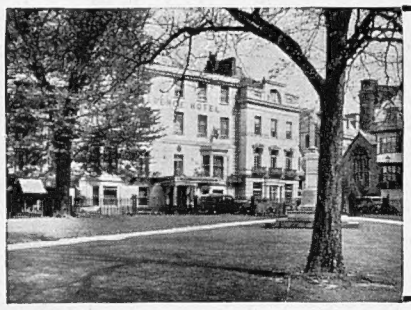
FOR the dignity of the past and the improvements of modern times.

The Kings Hotel
Brighton

Specially reduced terms for long term residence.



In the quiet of the Cathedral Close

Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.

Royal Clarence Hotel
EXETER

—the gateway to Devon. Write for brochure or 'phone: 4071-2.

HOLNE PARK HOTEL, ASHBURTON, S. DEVON

Come and fish, feast, and forget, at this first-class Country House Hotel, situated on perhaps the most beautiful stretch of the River Dart. Here indeed Nature dominates over thoughts of war. Let us send you our Brochure.

Winter Terms from **3½ Gns.**

PRIORY HOTEL, EXETER ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH

In sunny, sheltered position, **midway between Square and Pier,** offers quiet dignified comfort to Winter Visitors. Tnree lounges with coal fires and radiators. Cheery dining-room. Good food and service. Spotless cleanliness. All bedrooms hot and cold water, gas fires, steam radiators and excellent beds.

Terms from **4 gns.**

BEACON HOTEL, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX

This fine Country House Hotel, now under the personal direction of Mr. A. Edward Davis (late of Grosvenor House, London), is now open for the reception of those visitors who are appreciative of a first-class hotel amongst lovely surroundings.

Terms from **5 gns.** a week.

WOODSIDE HOTEL, HAILSHAM, SUSSEX

Safety without Solitude! For we are only 6 miles from Eastbourne, and lie in 6½ acres of grounds off the London—Eastbourne road. We have all modern conveniences such as central heating and H. and C.: and as we are a Country Club as well, there is always congenial company.

Terms from **3½ gns.**

LOWER POL MARK, HARLYN BAY, CORNWALL

A little bit of Heaven, away from the strife and sordid side of war. Golden Sands. Glorious Air. A modern attractive home, distinguished for its comfort and cooking.

From **3½ gns.**

DUDLEY HOTEL, HOVE, SUSSEX

Just off the front and within a few paces of the Hove lawns, this first-class hotel will appeal to those who are appreciative of a high standard of comfort, cuisine, and service. Completely modernised and re-furnished, and under the personal direction of Mr. F. Kung (Swiss).

Terms from **5½ Gns.**

BOSCARN HOTEL, LOOE, SOUTH CORNWALL

Safety, Sands and Sunshine. Here is a perfect place for your family, far from the madding War. Here they can enjoy contentment of mind, beauty of environment and Cornish produce fresh from local farms. A first-class hotel on the water's edge. Special terms for children.

From **4 gns.** per week.

MANOR HOUSE HOTEL, MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA, NORFOLK

Each year, many who appreciate good food, good wines and good service, winter with us. They are also appreciative of the joys of central heating and good fires, should the weather turn cold. Yet, on the whole, we enjoy a wonderful climate, and there are few days when one cannot be out on the 18-hole golf course.

Weekly Terms from **3½ gns.** Month or longer

MOOR HALL HOTEL, NINFIELD, Near BEXHILL

A safe and sunny spot, self-contained (11 acres) and self-supporting—even to growing our own bacon. Horses to ride, tennis courts to play on, rabbits to shoot. Such is an indication of life at "the hotel with a country house atmosphere." Resident Props.: Mr. & Mrs. Eric Johnson. Tel. Ninfield 30.

Terms from **3 gns.**

QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE, CORNWALL

Winter Wisely! Here, on the sea front, facing South and overlooking Mount's Bay and St. Michael's Mount, is an hotel which for years has been to many a winter home. 100 bedrooms. Modern bathrooms. Lift. Our telegraphic address is "Seaward," and our watchword "Comfort."

Terms from **3 gns.**

THE GRANVILLE HOTEL, ST. MARGARET'S BAY, KENT

A Winter Sun-trap, sheltered from the North, in a peaceful reception area, and surrounded by good golf courses, this modernly equipped and long established hotel has always appealed to those people of good taste who seek relaxation from the travails of every-day life.

Terms from **4 Gns.**

COOMBE HOUSE HOTEL, NR. SHAFTESBURY, DORSET

Away from the atmosphere of war. Situation healthy and beautiful. Every comfort. Trains met Semley Station by appointment.
Tel.: Shaftesbury 130

Terms from **4 gns.** forextended stay.

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL, ST. LEONARD'S-ON-SEA, SUSSEX

An hotel of dignity and solidity, built to withstand the onslaughts of weather . . , and even war. A favourite hotel to winter in. A sun-trap, and a sanctuary for all who appreciate that blessed feeling of . . . peace.

Terms from **5 gns.** inc.

BEAUFORT HOTEL, TINTERN, WYE VALLEY

The famous Abbey faces us. The loveliness of the Wye Valley surrounds us. To stay with us is to remain, for here good fires, good cooking and good service make the perfect alliance.

Terms **5 gns.** inclusive

In Quest of

To get Nearer the Sun and with its Wide Range of First-

SIDMOUTH is fortunate when it comes to making use of alliteration's artful aid, for no one can dispute the fact that she is sunny, sheltered, select, and life here now and all through the winter months can be as sumptuous or as simple as one chooses.

Recently I re-experienced Sidmouth's charm. As I sat on her tiny promenade, the only warring element on that late October day was some late-season wasps who persisted in performing aerial evolutions around my head. The sun was bountiful in her warmth. Her rays danced merrily on the waves; and here, at either end of my morning constitutionals, I was on rubbing acquaintance with the red cliffs of Devon—sheltering shoulders to the east and west.

The great charm of this small Devon seaside town of 6,000 inhabitants, 'twixt Axe and Exe, is its unspoilt quality. Those who watch over its destinies are zealous to maintain its natural charm and selectiveness. As a result, there is no resort in Great Britain which has a wider range of first-class hotels, large and small.

The four largest hotels are the Belmont, the Fortfield, the Knowle and the Victoria. I have put them in alphabetical order, for I defy anyone to say that any one is the best of the four. I have sampled all but the Belmont.

Each has an individual character of its own. The Victoria, with its balcony sun-traps, its vita-glass sun lounge, its large number of private suites, and its private approach to its own marine shelter edging the beach. The Fortfield, the sister hotel—for they are both owned by the same company—lies behind the Victoria. With rather more of a country-house atmosphere, it will appeal to those who want to be by the sea but not directly overlooking it.

Perhaps these latter remarks apply even more to the Knowle Hotel, which stands back from the town, an easy ten minutes' walk in and a leisurely twenty minutes' stroll back—though, for those who prefer to be transported rather than convey themselves, the hotel runs a car in and out at stated times.

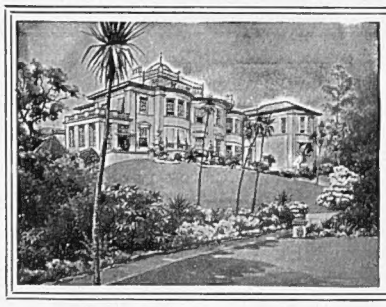
On this my most recent visit I stayed at the Knowle, and I was impressed with the general "feel" of the place. Neither ultra-modern nor virulently Victorian, there was a suggestion of restfulness, the experience of an unusually comfortable bed (or was I more than ready for it after my climb up on to Peak Hill?), the assurance of good service, and the general impression that here was an hotel very ably and unostentatiously managed.

WHY NOT?

Gardens running to the cliff's edge . . . an hotel with every window looking on to Torbay . . . a town really famous for its amenities and its climate . . . free recreation . . . moderate terms. Reside there in war-time? Of course. Why not?

HEADLAND HOTEL, TORQUAY

The Headland is a very first-class, unlicensed hotel, on the level, away from all traffic noise, yet close to bus routes. The cuisine is exceptionally good. There are private suites and private baths. Manager, A. Tschumy (Swiss).
Telephone: Torquay 2161



Within its Own Beautiful Grounds
THERE'S PEACE, WARMTH, AND COMFORT
at

LINCOMBE HALL
TORQUAY

Central heating and modern appointments. Many bedrooms with private bath. First-class cuisine. Inclusive terms from 4 guineas.
WRITE FOR BROCHURE

LONDON

DORSET SQUARE HOTEL

Telephone: Paddington 4452 (3 lines)
Dorset Square, off Baker Street, N.W.1

An Hotel of unusual charm where both staff and the resident proprietors contrive to make you feel very much at home . . . even in war time. All poultry, eggs and butter still come daily from Cornish farms. Every bedroom is perfectly appointed even to a private telephone. Fully equipped gas and air raid shelter.

UNDER SAME DIRECTION, BOSCARN HOTEL LOOE

The Stafford Hotel

ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W. 1

A Restful Oasis in the Heart of St. James's

CUISINE OF QUALITY WILLING AND ATTENTIVE SERVICE

Telephone: Regent 7501 (7 lines)
Telegrams: Stafford Hotel, London

L. GANDOLFO, Managing Director

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Farther from the War, Sidmouth, class Hotels, is Recommended

My bedroom faced south, over some 8 acres of grounds; and in the morning, when the black-out curtains were drawn, the picture of a perfect autumn morning presented itself. The mimosa, the eucalyptus, the fine old firs and cedars glistened as the early-morning sun threw light upon their dewy boughs. For singing in my bath that morning I now make humble apology to my next-door neighbours.

Two other hotels in which I have spent nights at Sidmouth are the Royal York, on the front, and the Torbay, both with full sea-views, whilst the latter has, in addition, the verdant green of the cricket field in the immediate foreground.

I will not attempt to discriminate between these two hotels, because each has its own appeal, and each attracts what one might term "the better class of visitor." Actually, this phrase applies to Sidmouth as a whole. Sidmouth is essentially select and all her hotels consequently express quality.

Another hotel, which has a perfect setting, and has historical interest in that it was once the residence of the late Duke and Duchess of Kent and their infant daughter, Princess Victoria, afterwards Queen of England and Empress of India, is the Royal Glen. It is a small private hotel, which combines old-world charm with up-to-date equipment; and I know, from those whom I have sent there, that all who stay there feel at peace, and at home.

And to Sidmouth's happy family of hotels has now been added yet one more. To distinguish it by the name of "guest-house," I would have you interpret that appellation in its highest sense. The real host and hostess make their guests feel at home—and it does not take a half-hour to feel at home at Cedar Shade Guest-House Hotel in the All Saints Road. Run by a lady, with a staff of ladies, here is somewhere where all the fine arts which go to make good beds, good food and good friends, are preached, practised, and perfected.

If ever I lay down my wandering pen for a placid life of peaceful existence, I would be well content if I could have my note-paper stamped "Somewhere in Sidmouth"!

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

We occupy a restful setting with the green hills of South Devon as our vista, whilst two acres of grounds surround and supply us. The sea, too, is but five minutes away. The welcome of a well-built Georgian house, wide windowed and sunny—furnished with taste—and run by those who understand what good cooking and good beds really mean.

CEDAR SHADE COUNTRY HOUSE HOTEL
SIDMOUTH

FORTFIELD HOTEL FULLY LICENSED
SIDMOUTH S. DEVON

Finely appointed Public Rooms. Self-contained Suites. Central Heating and Coal Fires. Passenger Lift and every modern convenience. H. & C. in all rooms. Lock-up Garages.

REDUCED WINTER TERMS

For Bookings or Brochure, write Resident Manager, Mr. E. G. Russell, Fortfield Hotel, Sidmouth, S. Devon.

Telegrams, Fortfield, Sidmouth Telephone, Sidmouth 39

THE ROYAL GLEN HOTEL
SIDMOUTH *'Phone 221*

The Hotel with a Country House atmosphere, situated in picturesque grounds adjoining the esplanade.
DIET A SPECIALITY.
Terms Moderate and Inclusive. Resident Proprietors: Mr. and Mrs. W. Martin.

At **SIDMOUTH**
one stays at the
TORBAY HOTEL
For real comfort, in peaceful surroundings. Terms are studiously moderate and include every essential to your well-being.
Illustrated Brochure on application. *'Phone or Wire: SIDMOUTH NINETY.*

VICTORIA HOTEL FULLY LICENSED.
Equipped with every necessary convenience. Facing due South, with Spacious Public Rooms, self-contained suites, also many Bedrooms with Private Bathroom and Toilet.
REDUCED WINTER TERMS.
THE VICTORIA IS CATERING FOR PRESENT-DAY NEEDS—the amenities and Mild Winter Climate of SIDMOUTH are well known.
FOR BOOKINGS and FULL INFORMATION, WRITE RESIDENT MANAGER, VICTORIA HOTEL, SIDMOUTH, S. DEVON.
Telegrams: VICTORIA, SIDMOUTH. *Telephone:* SIDMOUTH 811 (2 lines).
SIDMOUTH, S. DEVON

PEACE IN THE FOREST
Forest ponies as placid as ever. Cattle browsing in our acres of meadowland. The sunlight playing daily on our lake. Fruit and garden produce awaiting your daily consumption. Come now.
BURLEY MANOR HOTEL
AT BURLEY HEART OF THE NEW FOREST
A beautifully equipped first-class hotel run on first-class lines by the new Resident Proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. H. Dakin Markham. *'Phone Burley 70*

AND *NOW*, Mr. Business-Man!
If you must stay within reach of Town during the war, why not make your base at
THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD
Frequent electric trains reach London in half an hour. A most comfortable, quiet hotel, a lovely garden, excellent tennis courts. Telephone: 2271

AND HERE IS PEACE . . . in a sheltered park of 60 acres, a sun-trap 400 feet up, an hospitable hotel for residence during the dark days of winter and war. London under an hour by train. Sporting golf course in the grounds.
THE SPA HOTEL ROYAL TUNBRIDGE WELLS
First-class in comfort, cooking and service. 85 rooms and suites.
Write to S. Hancock, Director, for tariff-booklet entitled "And here is peace."
Telephone: Tunbridge Wells 1911

A Bathroom to every Bedroom . . .
How many country hotels can boast such an amenity? It is just an example of what you may expect of life at
GROVE HALL HOTEL TWYFORD - BERKS -
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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Ashburton (S. Devon).—Holne Park Hotel.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Wellstown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Hinton Firs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Priory Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The Kings Hotel.
Brixham.—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Burley (New Forest).—Burley Manor Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
Crowborough (Sussex).—Beacon Hotel.
Crowborough (Sussex).—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel.
Harlyn Bay (Cornwall).—Lower Pol Mark.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lytham St. Annes.—Clifton Arms Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Mundesley-on-Sea (Norfolk).—Manor Hse. Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
Ninfield (nr. Bexhill).—Moor Hall Hotel. Tel. 30
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Paignton.—Ravenswood, Cliff Road.
Penzance (Cornwall).—Queen's Hotel.
Plympton (S. Devon).—Elfordleigh Hotel.
St. Leonard's-on-Sea.—Royal Victoria Hotel.
St. Margaret's Bay (Kent).—The Granville Htl.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Shaftesbury (Dorset).—Coombe House Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Cedar Shade Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone 221
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Tintern.—Beaufort Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 109.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Dorset Square Hotel, Dorset Square, N.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
United Services Hotel, S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

SCOTLAND

Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel. Tel. 7.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

WALES

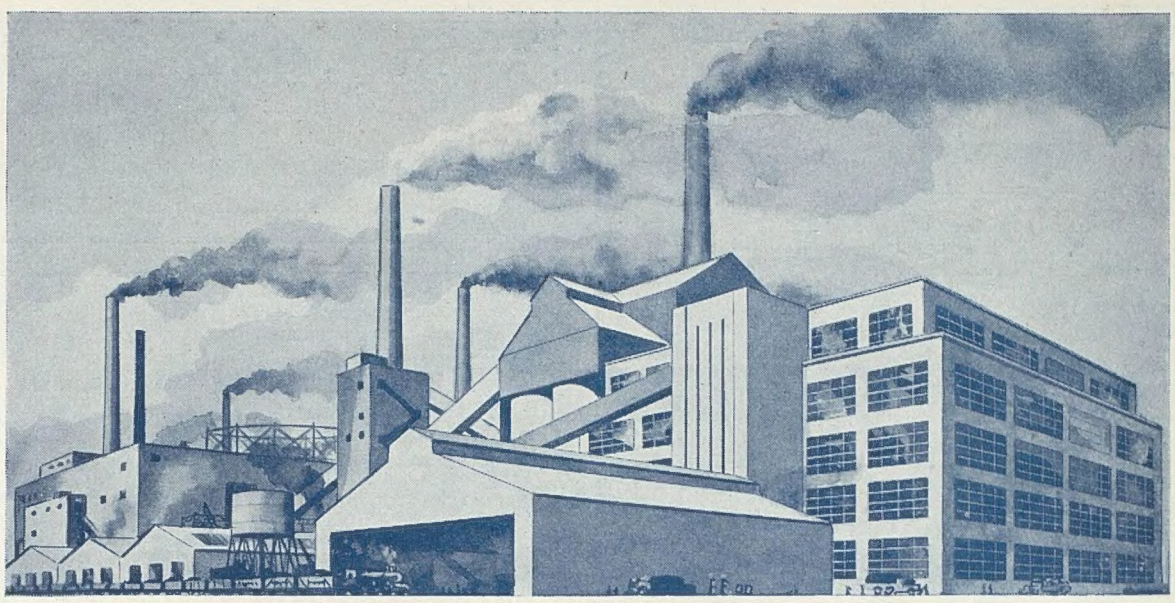
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.



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